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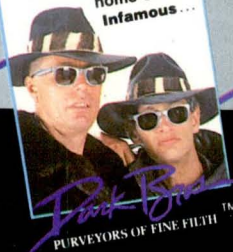
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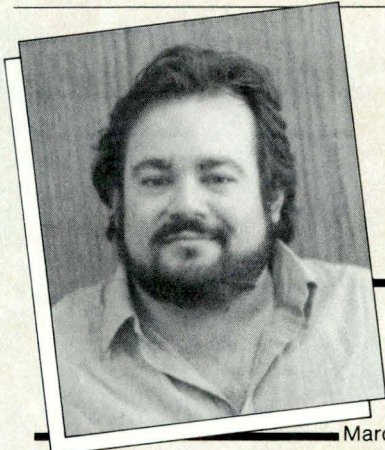
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I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Yuppie

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. Discussing the Yuppie phenomenon is Marc Cooper, a Los Angeles writer who swears he doesn't drive a Saab, munch croissants or drink Perrier.

Marc Cooper

War is hell. Everybody knows that. But what I didn't learn until recently is that the awful results of war continue long after the cannons have been silenced. Take World War II. Here I was, secure in thinking that this particular horror came to an end when several hundred thousand Japanese civilians were incinerated during three days in August 1945. Little did I know that President Harry S. Truman's monumental demonstration of what pop psychologists would today refer to as *gross insensitivity* was far from being the culminating act of a decade of terror. As it has turned out, Truman's use of nuclear weapons was only the firing of the starting gun for a whole generation of heartless egomaniacs just about to enter the rat race.

As radioactive dust was still slowly drifting down on industrial Japan, hundreds of thousands of Yankee soldiers were already gleefully at home, jumping into the sack with their wives and girlfriends, frenziedly producing a bumper crop of future Porsche owners and quiche eaters—the Baby Boomers, the *Yuppies* (Young Urban Professionals). It was as if the enemy had come up with a diabolical revenge on America. In the warm glow of victory, American GIs were spewing into their lovers' the seeds of the future destruction of civilization.

What mean tricks history can play. It's hard to believe that the young men of the 1940s fought the Nazis and Japanese in order to make the world safe for millions of people obsessed only with the price of condos and Ferraris. Even as late as the 1960s, while my fellow Baby Boomers were out in the streets protesting the decline of civilization, few of us could imagine that our comrades would be shortly trading in their beads, sandals and scorched draft cards for gold chains, Nike running shoes and racks filled with color-coordinated spice jars.

But alas, here we are midway through the 1980s, witnessing the horrifying spectacle of Yuppies rapidly dominating our social and civic institutions. This is a vapid, vacuous generation that—despite its brief flirtation with social protest—knows nothing of want or poverty. Famines, holocausts, depressions, revolutions, mass killings and torture mean nothing to them unless it affects the price of imported kiwi fruits that they serve to their fellow lawyers and accountants after a six-course Cajun dinner. Thousands of Indians being snuffed out by poison gas in Bhopal isn't half as worrisome to a Yuppie as premature cellulite or a blown head gasket on a shiny BMW.

The much-talked-about Generation Gap of the 1960s

has been bridged as these glassy-eyed Young Upwardly Mobile Professionals have made a devil's pact with the ice-blooded septuagenarian who, in between naps, is charting a new course for the nation from his post at the White House. In this sense the Yuppies are already in power. As our nation grows statistically old, control of society flows directly into the grabbing little hands of all those buttoned-down prophets from business school unburdened by any notion of history, civilization, tradition or morality.

All that counts is getting what you want as quickly as possible. And as a wise tribal leader who decides to accommodate the young braves rather than resist them, the Great Communicator residing tax-free at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue slashes his political machete to and fro, clearing away the last bothersome remnants of an obsolete past. Compassion and cooperation are out. Aggression and repression (of others) are in. Salvation is to be found not in keeping the best of our history, but rather in securing a lifetime membership at the proper health club.

These Yuppies are truly a loathsome mob. In less than 20 years they have come from being a generation that celebrated life by the tens of thousands at "be-ins" and "love-ins" to being a murderous gang of robotlike consumers who no longer have lives, but only "lifestyles." As if each and every one were daily injected with massive doses of Thorazine, the Yuppies have an almost uniformly flat emotional response to the world.

Distended bellies in Africa take second place to the trading of pork bellies in Chicago. Sensual arousal and excitement can only be elicited from them as they pace, like expectant fathers, in the waiting rooms of Porsche dealerships, hoping the "new arrival" will be fitted with the proper-size leather bra. At the car wash the "new father" dotes over his prized possession, making sure that his South African chrome wheels are properly dried and polished before driving off to a lunchtime game of racquetball.

The trademark emotional coolness of the Yuppies is their defense against hassles. Yuppies just don't want to be *hassled* by anyone about anything. They are the Brave New World Individualists who, armed with MBAs and color-tinted contact lenses, are determined to stay on the "fast track" in their quest for a late-20th-century nirvana—something like sitting back and "conceptualizing" while soaking your well-worked-out body (and perhaps your pastel Adidas) in a Jacuzzi-stirred hot tub

while listening to the soundtrack of *Amadeus* on a compact disc player.

When you speak to a Yuppie about social conscience, he calmly stares back at you, fixed and unflinching, like the green phosphorous eyes of an automated teller. Yuppies have done away with human desires, replacing them with "consumer preferences." They have discarded principles in favor of "ground rules." In lieu of dreams, Yuppies have only "projected goals." They don't enter love relationships with the banal wants and needs that the rest of us have, but come armed with "high expectations."

Yuppies, in fact, no longer even enter love relationships. Romantic vows have given way to "prenuptial contracts." Marriage itself has been scrapped for the formation of "joint partnerships." Divorce is viewed as "disinvestment." Yuppies don't even talk to each other; they merely exchange tax-shelter tips. They don't make casual acquaintances; they make lists of contacts. Old friendships, especially those lingering from the naive times of ten or 15 years ago, are not broken off; they are "reevaluated for cost-effectiveness." Yuppies don't even have parties and get-togethers with their newfound friends (oops—I mean contacts); they "build networks."

In the Yuppie demiworld of emotional bleakness one important deviation is permitted. While "caring" is passé, aggression is prized. That's why Yuppies prefer to shop for a sex mate in a health club rather than a singles bar. By watching a potential partner pump iron or wrestle with a Nautilus machine, his or her aggression level can be measured on the spot. It's now self-flattering to describe one's self as a shark. Aspiring candidates for junior-management positions, who 20 years ago boasted of being "self-starters," presently scramble to identify themselves as possessing "killer instincts."

A small but illuminating window into the high-tech heart (excuse me) of the Yuppie is the craze of personalized license plates. The Yuppies shriek to the heavens like cows facing slaughter when asked to pay increased taxes on their condos in order to finance schools and hospitals. But they are the same people who, gleefully snorting like pigs in mud, *voluntarily* tax themselves for the privilege of scribbling a nasty message on their license plate. It is, in their miserable minds, better to have a Jaguar that flaunts an ISCREWU plate on the back, than it is to have full-day sessions in public schools.

Anyway, baby Yuppies—or better said, Yuppie babies—don't mix with the plebes at public schools; they are driven to "academies." Their parents, for that matter, don't shop in lowly supermarkets, but rather in "gourmet food shoppes," where brass-plated fans beat lackadaisically over the ground sesame seeds and *creme fraiche*.

What's truly appalling is how these croissant-munching, sprout-sucking Yuppies actually fancy themselves as being a new vanguard of gourmets and aesthetes. Yuppie restaurants are, at best, thinly disguised hamburger joints run by Rumanian short-order cooks who have stolen the names of classical composers. Our

fixed-stare brokers and entrepreneurs hustle for the right to grovel in front of the Hitler-like maitre d's who castigate and terrorize prospective diners who have not quite yet "made it."

Yuppies have no interest in the real quality of the food; they only care which table they have been given by the Hans or Klaus who reigns at the front door like a Bavarian *oberfuehrer*. The menu, of course, is read from right to left, and the all-important prices, rather than being printed in coarse Arabic numerals, are elegantly written out in English longhand. The raspberry mousse costs not \$5.95, but rather *five dollars and ninety-five cents*. The choice of correct restaurant is crucial for the up-and-coming Yuppie. Picking what has become last month's cliché can be as embarrassing as wearing the wrong color leg warmers to the dry cleaners.

When it comes to the arts, the Yuppies tend to give new meaning to the category of philistinism. Yuppies don't go to the theater; they go to see *Cats*. They have little time for TV; they are too busy "working the crowd" at whatever the trendiest movie of the moment is. Yuppies

don't create culture; they consume it, collect it and traffic in it. They learn just enough French to feebly say "kwosant" instead of croissant, and to say *trés* expensive instead of very expensive. They learn just enough Spanish in order to inquire of their maids, "Maria, *donde está mi Datsun ZX?*" To Yuppies, El Salvador is the name of the world's largest domestic-servant agency.

By the latest figures, there are some 60 million Americans who are Baby Boomers. Fortunately for us, not all qualify as Yuppies. Only 4 million of them really earn \$40,000 a year or more and work as professionals or managers. And less than one-third of them live in the large urban centers

(where they have been known to gingerly step over the homeless as they install stained-glass windows in their preciously maintained Victorian walk-ups).

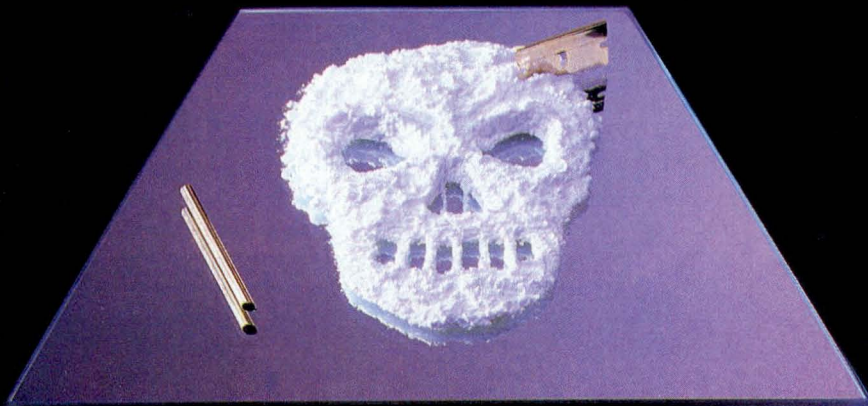
These figures should give us some measure of relief. All is not lost.

Even if Yuppies make up in selfishness for what they lack in numbers, they still remain a small minority of the population. If we are lucky, this too will pass. Our children may be fortunate enough yet to live in a world where all sandwich meats will not be crushed between two croissant halves and where all personal relationships will not be judged only by their ability to advance careers. In that future world the Yuppies will only occupy a small corner of some museum that will display a rusted-out Macintosh computer and an all-silver Italian garlic press.

Let's at least hope it will be this way. Otherwise, someone will have to start asking if the Nazis and Japanese really didn't win the war their own way by letting our GIs come home to create Yuppies.

Readers who wish to comment on Marc Cooper's Guest Editorial are encouraged to address their correspondence to HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054).

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Drugs Are for Losers

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt



FALSE PROFITS:

I almost laughed my ass off when I saw a reprint of the famous Jerry Falwell ad parody in your March '85 issue. (But the question is, was it truly a parody?) It's great to have someone say, in a manner of speaking, "Fuck you!" Does Jerry really think he has the power to dominate everyone with fear?

—Danny W.
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Jerry Falwell is a very miserable example of Christianity. He steals money from widows and orphans and even the poor man's Social Security checks, promising them something even he doesn't have—"salvation." I'm an able minister of the New Testament by the will of God. So I must show the world that TV evangelists are self-righteous hypocrites. In the first place they have no biblical reference for bumming money all over the country. You see, people don't need Jerry Falwell, Earnest Angley, Jimmy Swaggart or Jim Bakker to be saved; yet they pay these false teachers to take them to hell. —J. Y.
Sand Ridge, West Virginia

CALLING A SPADE A SPADE:

Barbara Keith-Smith's *Sex Play*, "White Women/Black Men: What's the Attraction?" (February '85), makes the HUSTLER staff look like a bunch of whores and wimps for running it. She needs to be severely punished for disgracing the Caucasian race.

Niggers don't have a superior penis size. There are just as many well-hung whites as there are well-hung niggers. Men like myself—and there are a bunch of us—despise women like Keith-Smith, and we'd never take them back. We'd rather see them burn in hell!

The author spoke of a tall, handsome Negro man she married. The only thing she married was a log-hopper. She must be pretty hard-up and just as ugly if she

couldn't do any better than that. They probably put bags over each other's heads when they have sex. If she and her husband have kids, they're kinky-headed, wide-nosed, boot-lipped half-breeds.

There might be other white men who are better-looking than I am, but there isn't a single nigger on the face of the Earth whose looks can equal mine.

If you don't stop printing trash like February's *Sex Play*, I'll stop buying HUSTLER.

—E. M.
High Point, North Carolina

E. M., some people in this world may consider your letter trash.

I found your February '85 *Sex Play* to be quite silly, one-sided and not realistic. Author Barbara Keith-Smith apparently doesn't realize that she most likely is



Loretta: Legal at Last

an ego-satisfying "white bitch" for some spade so he can feel "white" and use her for status purposes with his black peers. ("Hey, man, I just fucked my white bitch.")

I'm a 30-year-old, well-educated, well-built and attractive (so I've been told) white woman with a Ph.D. in psychology from Columbia University. I think black men are repulsive, for six reasons.

1. They become very assertive from the moment they meet you. All of a sudden you belong to them. Who the fuck do they think they are?

2. They can't speak English like the rest of us. Instead, they speak "soul brother ghetto slime" that alienates whites and other blacks.

3. Their "soul brother" attitude is racially separating and stupid.

4. They prefer white women because they *do* want a fair-skinned orifice to stick their "big black dicks" into.

5. All the black men I've ever come in contact with don't know what a bath is.

6. All of the white girls I knew in high school and college who married black guys are now divorced and regret their relationships.

—Carol R.
Buffalo, New York

LEATHERNECK RESPONSE:

Let me first tell you, I'm an avid reader of HUSTLER and have been for the past four years. Larry, would you believe I have to drive 25 miles to pick up my monthly copy? The base-exchange won't

sell it, and neither will any of our stores in San Clemente. Fuck'em all! As soon as I get out of the "suck" (Marine Corps) and go back home, I'll subscribe.

You're a bad man, Mr. Flynt, and you're going to burn in hell for publishing HUSTLER. I most likely will burn right next to you for reading it, but boy, are we going to have a lot of fuckin' company!

—Sergeant "T"
U.S. Marine Corps
San Diego, California

PECKER CONTROVERSY:

Yes, indeed . . . more pecker! I love to see a big throbbing cock ready to shoot a load of hot jism into my waiting mouth. I just quiver when I imagine how warm and tasty it will be. I love a guy who can come a lot so I can both savor the flavor and let him watch his own love juice dripping off my face.

I could really get off on a photo-feature with three hot guys and one willing woman—she'd get a hot load for every opening.

Yes, indeed . . . more pecker! —Julie
Studio City, California

This letter is in response to the women readers who want to see more penises in HUSTLER. I wholeheartedly agree. HUSTLER isn't just for men anymore. I'm a woman, and I love it—especially

Feedback, Kinky Korner and the cartoons.

One of the best pictures in your February '85 issue shows George Payne sticking it to Joanna Storm (*HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment*). If you can show such hot pix in your X-rated-film reviews, why don't your male models have hard-ons or make physical contact with the woman?

And please don't print my name or address. I live in a small hick town where gossip flies like shit through a fan.

—Horny Lady
Ohio

Our pictorials are already hot and will be getting hotter. We promise.

KINKY STUFF:

I never read HUSTLER unless I'm sitting at work with nothing to do, all alone, and one of our truck drivers brings in a stack of filthy magazines. I look at them to pass the time and compare how I measure up. (I'm a 31-year-old secretary.) I think your magazine is mostly *disgusting* and in very poor taste—let's say tasteless. I must like parts of it though, or I wouldn't read it.

I want to commend you on the public-service message you printed in February '85—"Wasted Lives . . . Drugs Are for Losers." Do you suppose you could manufacture posters like that for high schools and colleges?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We're not publishing our antismoking and antidrug ads as posters at this time, but you can duplicate ours if you write us and obtain our permission, which we'll be happy to give.

MELODY MAKERS:

I'm trying to write this letter with some objectivity, but all I can say is that Lita Ford sucks!! In the February '85 *Melody Makers* she said that Rush and Triumph are sickening. Just because she's too stupid to pronounce some of the words in those groups' songs doesn't make them drug addicts. Hey, bitch, the day you get a Top 10 album is the day I die!! So go fuck yourself with all ten of your fans.

—Name Withheld by Request
Fremont, Nebraska

First off, we enjoy your magazine and cherish its fight for freedom, individualism and human rights. It is with this in mind that we feel compelled to write you concerning the February '85 edition of *Melody Makers*, particularly the absurd comments by ex-Runaway Lita Ford.

Who is *she*? Compared to Rush, she's a mere ant in an army of musical failures. Why do these nobodys get off on cutting down Rush's phenomenal success?

In five years who's going to be around? Rush or who? We know.

—Brian Hardy, Tanya Hardy,
Brian Vant Hul and Kevin Duxbury
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

BEAVER HUNTERS:

I just finished reading your February '85 issue, and it had some pretty far-out stories in it. But what really caught my eye was the women in *Beaver Hunt*, particularly Brandy. She has one of the most beautiful bushes I've ever seen.

When I saw her snapshot, I could hardly believe my eyes. My 9¼-inch dick rose to its fullest attention, and I had to immediately go into the bathroom and chock my chicken. Tell Brandy that she scored a 9 in my book for that awesome bush, but she shouldn't worry. My book doesn't have a 10 rating yet. She really made my day.

—Bacon
Danville, Virginia

Do justice to all of us Miamians who buy and read HUSTLER Magazine by making Nita, the fun-loving Beaver in your February '85 issue, a centerfold. Don't discriminate. —Satisfied Reader
Miami, Florida

DEAR HUSTLER:

I'm a new subscriber to HUSTLER Magazine, and what I like are the fabulous, uncensored pictorials that show the models' pubic hair and vaginal lips. I also enjoy your cartoons and articles.

(continued on page 14)

MAY HUSTLER



"I'm shitfaced, hon. You'd better drive!"

DEWAR'S PROFILE:*

DON KING

HOME: Las Vegas, Nevada.

AGE: 53.

PROFESSION: Promoter of professional boxing and extravagant ripoff rock concerts.

HOBBIES: Spending lots of money on white women, breeding sparrows in his hair and occasionally paying taxes.

LAST BOOK READ: *Who's Afraid of the IRS?* by Miss Lynn Johnston.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Hasn't killed anyone since 1967.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "How else can a guy make millions just by getting a couple of Neanderthals to pound each other's brains into lime Jell-O. Plus, I got to meet Michael Jackson."

PROFILE: A colorful showman who does everything with flair and style, be it doing the Letterman show . . . or doing time. Happiest when watching old Richard Roundtree movies.

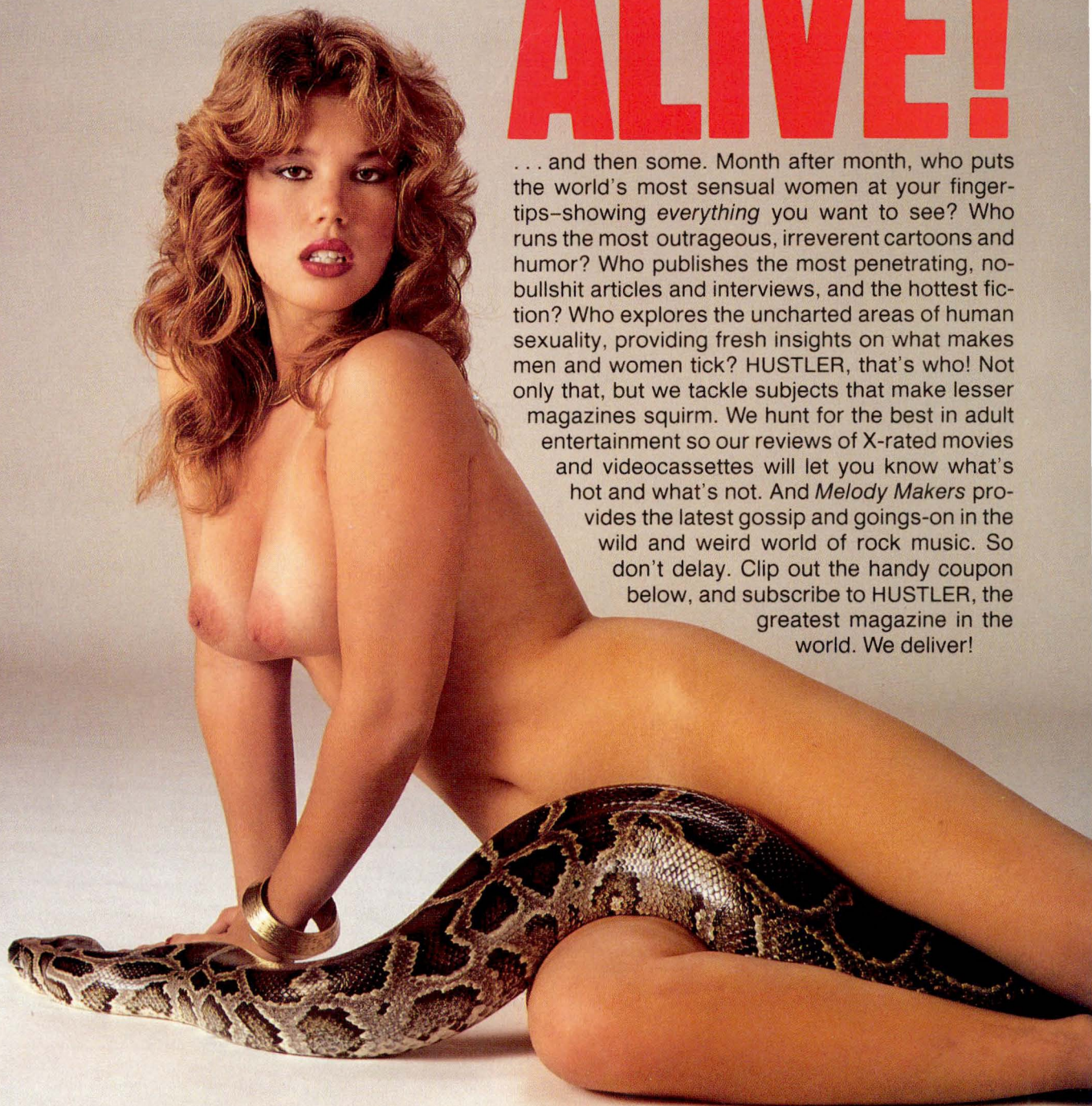
HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label."® "I mix it with Thunderbird and grapefruit juice to make a Knockout Punch. Get it? Shit, I could use a stiff one right now. Okay, when do I get paid for this? Say, would you guys like to be character witnesses? . . ."



*Ad parody: Not to be taken seriously.

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Mort Sahl has been America's most renowned—and controversial—political humorist for more than 30 years. A strong supporter of President John F. Kennedy in the '60s, he spent years challenging the Warren Commission, insisting that Kennedy's murder was a conspiracy—a fact the House Select Committee on Assassinations finally confirmed in 1979. He presently divides his time between screenwriting—*The Last Anchorman*, in his words “a tough urban comedy,” is due soon—and the club circuit, where his hard-hitting brand of political humor has virtually become a lost art. We asked Mort, who spares nobody—least of all today's “liberals”—to share a few of his insights on the current political scene.

This past election the liberals had a death wish. Walter Mondale was the “radical” in the race. He only wanted to raise the Pentagon budget by 4%. His Minnesota strategy—to win his own state—consisted of being born there 57 years ago.

Mondale was playing Hubert Humphrey, Gary Hart was doing Kennedy—without the batteries—and John Glenn was doing Eisenhower. I guess they figured that you had to be reincarnated to run against Ronald Reagan. After all, Truman proved that anybody could be President. Eisenhower proved you don't need a President. Johnson wounded the Presidency, Nixon killed it, and Carter buried it—so Reagan is trying to prove there's life after death.

First, we had the Democratic convention. Mario Cuomo said, “My parents came from Italy, and now I'm the governor of New York.” And the people cried. Then Ferraro said, “My grandfather came from Italy, and now I'm running for the second-highest office in the land.” And the people cried. Then Jesse Jackson said, “My ancestors came from Africa, and I'm running for President.” And the people cried. I can appreciate the immigrant dream, but after 200 years— isn't it time to unpack?

Then I went to the Republican convention in Dallas, where everyone was talking about how Reagan had joked that he was outlawing Russia and would start bombing them in five minutes. I heard all the delegates standing in the aisles saying “Gee, I hope this isn't just another empty campaign promise!”

I've known President and Mrs. Reagan for 15 years. I liked Reagan years ago when everybody said his political career was a lost cause. I've always had an affinity for lost causes. Of course, I guess the true test of that now will be if I embrace Walter Mondale.

The Reagans invited me to a dinner at the White House last year for Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone. At one point I and the other guests were all gathered around Reagan and Nakasone while they were having an argument. The President was saying that he couldn't understand why the Japanese sell millions of their cars over here but we can't sell any of ours over there. Nakasone said, “You wouldn't. There's a lot of things you don't understand about Japan. You've never been through Hiroshima. We never destroyed one of your cities.”

Lee Iacocca, who was standing nearby, said, “Oh, yeah, what about Detroit?”

Reagan really has a sense of humor. He asked when I'd gotten my invitation to the White House. I told him, and it was 16 days after they had been sent out. “Do you think it should take 16 days for one of my letters to cross the United States?” he asked me.

“Well, I don't know,” I replied. “You're not going to fire everybody at the Post Office, are you?”

He said, “No, but I'm going to start mailing their checks.”

I'm a great friend of Nancy Reagan. I'm very close to the First Lady—and the liberals are always on me for that. They say, “She buys dresses, she buys dishes, she goes shopping. . . .”



Once I was over at a producer's house, and he was going on about how he didn't understand how I could be close to her. I told him, “What you really can't understand is anybody who still loves her husband.” That remark was devastating—because it's a valid attack on the mores of Hollywood. I used it again many times, but it never got a laugh; so I finally dropped it. But I still believe it in my heart.

Most guys I know in the movie business are liberals, and their kids are all conservatives. They wonder, “How can this be?” They're ready to lock their kids in the garage and deprogram them. I tell them, “Remember when they told you that if you kept using drugs, your kids would be mutants? Well, you wouldn't listen. This is the harvest.”

Most movie producers are liberals, but they won't touch political films. They all say, “I don't want to do a radical picture. I'm doing well.” What they really mean is that they're making money. If they were really doing well, they wouldn't all have hollow kids who turn out to be junkies and homosexuals.

The problem with today's liberals is that they're not really liberals anymore. They want to feed poor people at home and bomb them in El Salvador. Before the election I went to a Hart rally. So who was there? A lot of well-dressed lawyers in German cars who can afford recreational drugs and who like to tell the common man what's good for him—elitists who believe the common man votes for the wrong people because he doesn't have a sense of decency.

The real enemy isn't the voter; it's the people who supply him with information. The problem is not that the press is too liberal, but that the press is for *lease*. Whoever's in office can buy it. It has no passion. I'm for the guy who says, “You can't buy me.” I don't care if he's a liberal or a conservative.

Which reminds me of a Larry Flynt joke I used to open my act with: Alfred Bloomingdale dies, and Vicki Morgan makes a claim on his estate. Vicki Morgan is killed. Larry Flynt says, “I have three videotapes showing Morgan cavorting sexually with four highly placed members of Reagan's team.”

Only time will tell if this cynical attempt by Mr. Flynt to humanize the Reagan Administration has had any effect! 🐸

Melody makers

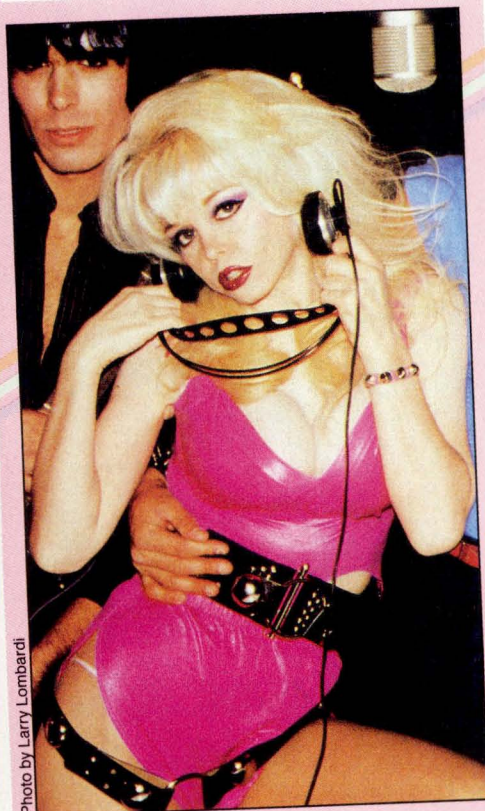


Photo by Larry Lombardi

“When I was three years old, I was forced to watch my parents having sex all the time,” confesses Hollywood poster queen and singer **Angelyne**. “And as a result, I’m really into teasing.” The video for her titillating locally produced single, “Tangerine Rose,” has seen modest rotation on MTV. She says she has “contracts,” but the voluptuous sex kitten can’t seem to land a major record deal. How, you ask, can someone like the amorous Angelyne get so much publicity with so little product? We can think of *two* reasons. . . .

The Go-Go’s, Scorpions, Def Leppard, B-52’s, AC/DC, Iron Maiden, Ozzy Osbourne and Al Jarreau were just a few of the rock superstars performing at a blockbuster concert last January in Rio de Janeiro. More than 250 000 screaming South Americans *per day* attended the ten-day extravaganza. Brazilian officials, however, had to deal with more than just massive overcrowding. Authorities in this predominantly Roman Catholic metropolis were outraged when word got out that **Queen** lead singer **Freddie Mercury** was bringing young boys back to his room after the show “for a little celebration.” Next time, concerned mothers will know to lock up their innocent girls—and boys—when rock ‘n’ roll comes to town.

In a related story, rat-headed crooner **Rod Stewart** was also on hand at the fantastic Rock ‘n’ Rio festivities. Of course, with so many famous faces around, the Portuguese-speaking security guards were bound to get a bit confused: Over-anxious bouncers thrashed Stewart’s public-relations man when he failed to produce the proper backstage pass!

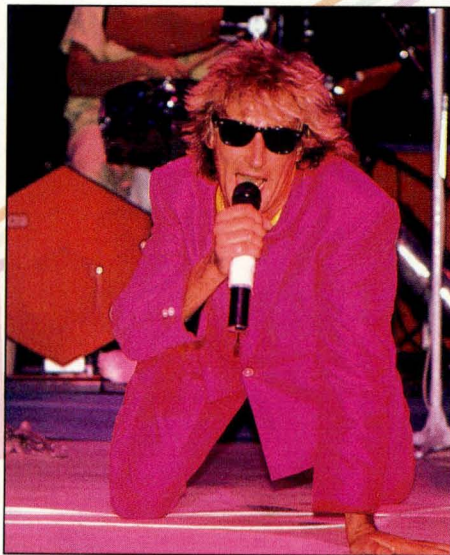


Photo by Jeffrey Mayer



Photo by Teri Bloom

Slashing his bare chest with broken bottles or smearing himself with peanut butter, **Iggy Pop**—a/k/a James Osterberg—has been a legendary performer for more than a decade. In New York’s famous Peppermint Lounge, for example, one of our fleet-footed photographers snapped this eye-opening shot of the Ig caught with his pants down. That’s what we call a ballsy performance.



Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

“Heaven’s on Fire,” the latest video from **KISS**’s album *Animalize*, is a bonafide bone-stiffener. Raucous concert footage is intercut with a lascivious hotel orgy scene filmed by a guy in a trench coat with a hidden camera. This candid shot of **GENE SIMMONS** receiving mouth-to-tongue resuscitation from an aspiring actress on the set is one of the vid’s tamer moments. As one Casablanca Records spokesman put it, “The video gives the audience a glimpse of the sinful world of KISS.”

Detroit metal-monsters **Madame X** not only have their fans throwing moist panties up onstage, but juicy jockstraps as well. Foxy **Maxine** and **Roxy Petrucci** are reportedly so hot in concert—strutting and prancing to their own raunchy rhythms—that guys in the audience can't help but toss tokens of their affection at them. The sexy sisters are so thrilled by the men's reactions that Maxine's trying to get her bumps and grinds insured by Lloyd's of London. We've heard of audience appreciation, but this is ridiculous.



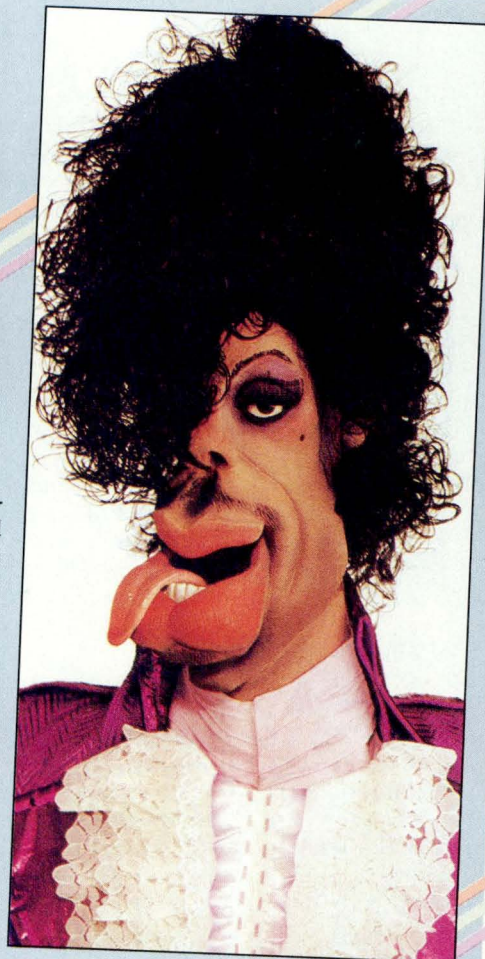
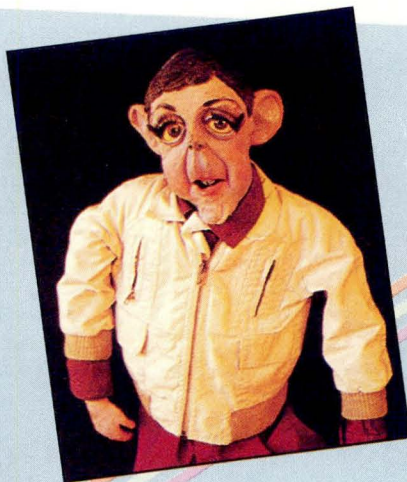
Photo by Robert Matheu

Joe Perry, Steven Tyler, Brad Whitford, Joey Cramer and Tom Hamilton, better recognized as **Aerosmith**, are back in the saddle again after nearly a six-year leave of absence. When asked how it felt to be onstage once more with the original lineup, lead singer Tyler responded: "It's great... the best! It's like coming for five minutes!"



Photo by John Harrell

Where else could you find a monkey-faced Paul McCartney or a bongo-lipped Prince but on the outrageous English television series *Spitting Image*? These surreal, caricature-come-to-life puppets—which recently appeared in the British fashion/music magazine *The Face*—are just two of the many celebrities starring in this merciless new satire. Although membership is usually restricted to politicians and heads of state, creators Peter Fluck and Roger Law have begun to include influential rock idols in their bizarre collection as well. Let's hope that a domestic version of this brilliant TV program comes to American airwaves soon. We need it!

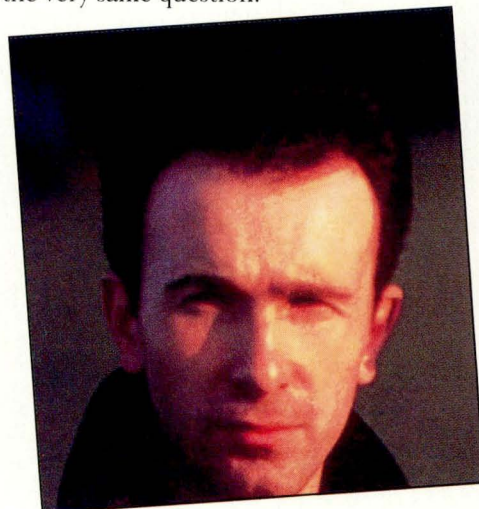


Photos by Andrew MacPherson

"We're too blindly patriotic now," says ex-**Kingston Trio** member **John Stewart**. "We've gone from the socially conscious '60s to the pushing-everything-under-the-rug '80s." Stewart's latest LP, *The Last Campaign*, is a timely collection of tunes taken from the days when he performed on the Robert F. Kennedy campaign trail. With the assistance of **Lindsay Buckingham**, **Buffy Ford Stewart**, **Linda Ronstadt** and **Chuck McDermott**, Stewart has sent an encouraging message to disillusioned patriots: "The spirit of America is still intact."

After several years of musical obscurity **Black Oak Arkansas** lead singer **Jim Dandy** has finally hit upon the right element for musical success: a pair of sexy blond backup singers known as **T&A**. Billing his new act as the world's nastiest rock 'n' roll band, Dandy is doing well—both onstage and off—with **Trish** (shown here) and **Angel Dujour**. These two not only share Dandy's affections, but they also happen to be a mother-daughter team! Now we know what they mean by keeping it in the family.

"I think he [Martin Luther King] had such courage, integrity and nobility that I immediately respect his spirituality as well," admits **Dave "The Edge" Evans**, lead guitarist for the born-again Christian ensemble **U2**. "Then you look at the Jerry Falwells and the Moral Majority and ask yourself the same question—'Do these men have integrity and courage?' And if not, why the hell should you respect their beliefs?" We've been asking the very same question.



FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

The March '85 issue was an extremely enjoyable experience, especially Dwaine Tinsley's *Comic Relief* column on drunk driving. Everyone enjoys the opinions of a "contravert."

The *Guest Editorial* "The Decline and Fall of American Statesmanship," by James W. Harris, expresses my political philosophy. The Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution so that the United States wouldn't become tyrannical like England was during the colonial era.

Look at the mess this country is in because of the abuse of the people by individual politicians, preachers and others.

—Name Withheld by Request
San Diego, California

We're glad you like HUSTLER, and thanks for letting us know how you feel about it.

VETERAN PUD-PULLER:

I was looking through old copies of HUSTLER and saw a pic of Veronica Hart jacking off Larry Trask (*X-Rated Reviews*, September '82). What amazed me was that his penis was shown squirting semen. Then I looked at the *Camp Grenada* photo-set (March '84) with the girl holding the guy's cock. Why can't you run pictorials with some semen in them?

Also, why don't you do an article on masturbation. I believe that most men do it more than they admit. I started when I was about ten years old, and at 14 conned my sister (who was a year younger) into doing it for me. Believe me, that's exciting when you're 14.

I'm pushing 40 now, but I still love it when my wife jacks me off.

—Faithful Reader
Mansfield, Ohio

When the sperm barrier is crossed, we'll be the first to run cum-shots.

DIXIE LAMENT:

Your January '85 *Sex News Bits* included an item about bourbon's having a hormonal effect on men, causing them to grow breasts, etc. I'm not saying a word about that—it may be true—but *how dare you say such shit about the South!!!*

The South has not risen, because all you damn Yankees drink our Jack Daniel's!!! . . . Look away!

People all over drink JD. As a matter of fact, my husband can drink a fifth-and-a-half of the stuff and still give me a night to remember!! I'm sure there are a lot of other men, Reb and Yank alike, who can drink JD and still get it up and who know how to use it when they do!!! . . . Look away!

The South may not be the head of the

nation right now, but at least we can say we didn't put us in the predicament we're in!!! . . . Look away!

Goes to show that you damn Yankees don't know what you're doing. . . . Look away, Dixie Land!!!

The South will rise again—bourbon or not!!!

—Tracey C.
Havre de Grace, Maryland

LORETTA:

Let me tell you, HUSTLER outdid itself for a centerfold in March '85. *Loretta: Legal at Last* was precision erotica, to say the least. A sultry blonde with large boobs, an inviting behind and the prettiest pussy lips I've ever seen. Michelangelo couldn't have sculpted a more delectable creature. Let's see more of this busty baby in future issues—she can take on a guy, a girl or me if she wants to.

While I'm at it, I have one pet peeve I'd like to air. I think you should run more shots of your models lifting their arms up in the air while removing a sexy negligee or sweater. This really shows a woman's figure at its finest. Otherwise, keep up the good work.

—W. B.
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

DIVINE ASS:

I'd like for you to settle an argument between me and a buddy of mine. The ass on your February '85 cover is extremely beautiful. My friend said it's the same girl who appears in the photo-layout *Wake-Up Call* in the same issue, but I think he's wrong. Regardless, both of us would like to see more pictures of her, especially that divine ass.

—R. E.
Dothan, Alabama

Actually, our February derriere covergirl appeared in a January '85 pictorial titled Candace: The Fire Down Below.

DOUBLE DEES:

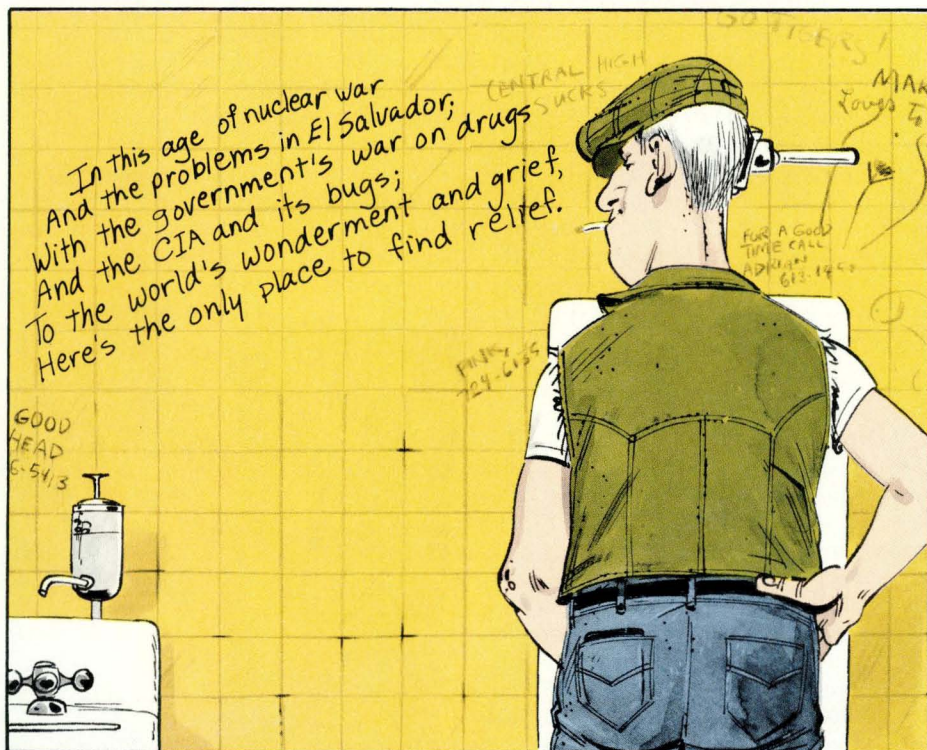
Simply awesome: That's my description of the February '85 pictorial *Dee Dee: Busting Out*. Photographer Douglas Hyun skillfully captured the sensuality of this ravishing beauty. The pussy-shots were just magnificent, and Dee Dee's massive, shapely tits rate at the top of my list. I'm praying that you'll feature her in a centerfold pictorial and that you'll continue to use Hyun's fine work in future issues.

—E. P.
Cleveland, Ohio

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a telephone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



GRAFFILTHY



THANK YOU AND \$50 TO H.G., WATER TOWER, N.Y.

Got a problem? You need some advice but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—and probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe (preferably typed) to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY:

I am a 27-year-old fireman who recently had a bizarre sexual experience. We were putting out a blaze in a suburban home, and when I went upstairs to see if anybody was still inside, I found an incredibly sexy girl who looked to be 18 or 19 passed out on the bed. I thought she was suffering from smoke inhalation, but she turned out to be dead drunk. Anyway, as I bent to lift her, she woke up, threw her arms around my neck and began moaning, "Oh, Ken!"—which I guess was her boyfriend's name or something.

Next thing I knew, she'd pulled me down on top of her and thrust her tongue into my mouth. I had an instant hard-on and, after rubbing against her like that for several moments, came in my pants. By then she'd passed out again. I quickly hustled her downstairs, praying that the stain wouldn't become visible through my heavy clothing.

The problem is that now I have trouble getting aroused with my own wife. All I think about is how much I wish I could recreate that brief experience—the smell of the smoke, the heat in the room and the flames nearby. Somehow, the combination was an incredible turn-on. I haven't told my wife or anyone else what happened, but she knows something's wrong, and I'm at wit's end. What should I do?

—P. K.
Bangor, Maine

Dear P. K.—You, of all people, should know better than to play with fire. Cool down, hot-head, before you get burned. Danger can be an aphrodisiac, but that doesn't mean I'd suggest fucking in an incinerator. So torching your bedroom before hopping into the sack isn't such a good idea in the long run either. Having your wife stick burning matches up your nose while you bang her would be safer, but she'd still get suspicious.

Of course, your fire fetish may be secondary. How does your wife stack up against that "incredibly sexy" 18-year-old? Sounds

HUSTLER MAY



like she's what's giving you the hots. But come on, carrying a torch for an old flame won't do anything for your present love life. Extinguish those memories and work on putting the heat back in your marriage bed.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm 20 years old and have been fucking for the past six years. All of my friends are married now because their girlfriends got pregnant. In my entire sexual career I've never used any type of protection, and very few of the ladies I've been with have either. But I've never gotten anyone pregnant. Am I just lucky, or is there something wrong with me? After all, I might want to have a child someday.

—B. B.
Fort Campbell, Kentucky

Dear B. B.—I don't know about your balls, but your brain seems to be shooting blanks. There are more-logical ways to determine whether you're fertile or not than playing baby roulette with every girl in town. Only a doctor can determine if you're just a "lucky guy" or if you have an unusually low sperm count. But remember, the best planned lays can go astray.

DEAR GRANNY:

I knew I'd had way too much wine the night I picked up this bimbo at a bar, but still I didn't think she looked that bad. So what the hell do you do the morning after a night on the town when you wake up and realize what a hideous dog the woman you've brought home with you is? I suppose that sounds like a sexist ques-

tion, but I'm sure women must have the same problem with guys they meet when they're drunk.

—A. P.
Miami, Florida

Dear A. P.—Funny how everyone looks better through rosé-colored glasses. It's never until the next day, when you're really well hung-over, that you realize your boozy beauty is, in fact, "coyote ugly"—that means you'd sooner chew your arm off than risk waking her up by moving it. But let's face it, you made your broad, and now you've got to lie with her. The error in judgment was your own fault; so unless the woman turns out to be a raving psychopath or a "born-again" Christian, at least be civil about the whole thing. No need to leave a can of Alpo and a leather leash by the side of the bed to let a girl know how you feel. Odds are she'll be as anxious to get out of there as you are to get rid of her. And next time you hit the town looking for a piece of ass, stay sober long enough to know what you're getting into.

DEAR GRANNY:

I swear, my wife will put anything in her cunt! Dildos and vibrators I could handle, but now she's into fresh fruits and vegetables—bananas, cucumbers, etc. Not only that, but she says she's found a new thrill: inserting Alka-Seltzer tablets into her pussy. She says the fizzing sensation when her juices start to flow is a real turn-on. I've tried to tell her that this is dangerous, but she won't listen to me. Maybe you can convince her.

—J. Z.
Aberdeen, South Dakota

Dear J. Z.—As the old saying goes, "Zucchini is a girl's best friend." Your wife's bedroom habits are a bit self-indulgent, I'll admit, but not necessarily dangerous. I assume she's washing the fruits and vegetables ahead of time to remove dirt and chemicals—after all, you don't know where that cucumber's been. As for the Alka-Seltzer tablets, well, it's nice to know they can be a gas. A word of warning though: Alka-Seltzer can alter the pH factor of the vaginal lining and cause bleeding after prolonged contact.

Now let's come to the real point—where the hell are you while all this is going on. Give your old lady a little more satisfaction, and she won't be relying on meat substitutes all the time. Why not offer to peel her banana for her and work your way up from there?

DEAR GRANNY:

Recently, one of my buddies said that if a guy freezes his dick—rubs ice all over it or something—right before fucking, he can

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stay hard a lot longer. Is he telling the truth or just bullshitting me? —P. M.

Phoenix, Arizona

Dear P. M.—You could find out at your next party by stirring a drink with your prick. Even if it didn't work, you'd certainly break the ice. On the other hand, if you stuck something that cold into me, I don't know how long I'd want you to last. A trick that was popular for a while had a woman applying a few handfuls of crushed ice to her partner's cock just before he came. This was supposed to produce an orgasm that made the risk of frostbite worthwhile. As for lasting longer, numb nuts, what's the point of fucking forever when you can't feel anything?

DEAR GRANNY:

At a fraternity party the other night I met a chick and took her back to my place. We started fooling around, and she told me she was going to perform the "old handkerchief trick" on me. I asked her what it was, but she just giggled and said I'd find out soon enough. While she began tying knots in this long handkerchief, I told her I wasn't going to get into anything weird if I didn't know what it was about. She got mad at me and left. I haven't seen her since, and I still don't know what she was going to do with that damn hankie. Did I make a mistake? —P. F.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear P. F.—Probably. Never give a woman the sack before you've been there. If you're not willing to experiment, honey, sex becomes as predictable as a trip to McDonald's—and probably less satisfying. I could understand your being reluctant if the girl had taken out a tube of Krazy Glue or offered to perform the "old chain-saw trick" on you. But how much harm could she do with a handkerchief, assuming that she wasn't threatening to wrap it around your neck?

What the lady most likely had in mind was an old technique in which a knotted handkerchief is inserted into your rectum just before you begin fucking, then pulled out abruptly at the moment you ejaculate. It works for women as well and, though I haven't tried it myself in years, I can attest that, done properly, it can be a mind-blower—a real kink in the ass, you might say. If this girl ever drops her handkerchief for you again, don't be an idiot. Take the hint.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 41-year-old incredibly horny housewife who has always been oversexed. My husband and I got a VCR for Christmas, and now I'm obsessed with—you guessed it—porn movies. It's costing me a fortune and probably ruining my eyes.

I used to be a good housekeeper and mother, but now I hurry through my work slapdash and let my 15-year-old son

run wild just so I'll have time to watch movies. I've always masturbated at least once a day, but now I'm playing with myself all the time. My husband is real straight and won't even look at the films with me. Our sex life is as dull as ever, but I'm hornier now than I've been in 20 years. I'm honestly afraid I'll attack a neighbor or the mailman. Granny, can these movies damage my mind? —D. C.

Deposit, New York

Dear D. C.—Not half as much as watching network television. Listen, fuck flicks are fine, but you obviously need some offscreen excitement. It's not the porn films that are making you crazy, but the lack of pizzazz in your own sex life. Cheating on hubby isn't the answer. You need to find out what turns him on, whether it takes professional counseling or just some Spandex underwear in the bedroom. Everyone has their weakness. Give up the dirty movies and start working on some dirty moves of your own. That's entertainment!

DEAR GRANNY:

A friend of mine says that a woman who has large labia minora is a woman who has had one too many lovers. This bothers me because my lady has large inner cunt lips and won't say much about her sex life before we met. Do I have anything to worry about? —J. F.

McHenry, Illinois

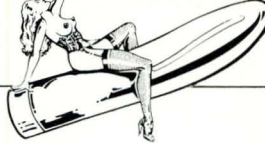
Dear J. F.—I didn't know there was such a thing as "one too many lovers." I've been at it a long time, and I haven't reached my breaking point yet. Anyway, sex doesn't affect the size or length of the vaginal lips; it's strictly a matter of genetics. So give your girlfriend a break. How would you like it if we accused men of shortening their penises by jerking off too much?

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm 41 years old, and during the last couple of years my balls have begun to hug my body. They are much higher-strung than they used to be. Even hot showers don't lower them much. During climax the right one disappears but returns after a minute or so. I thought a guy's balls were supposed to get droopier as he gets older—not tighter. I haven't had any injuries, and I'm in good health. Should I be concerned? —Q. N.

Glencoe, Illinois

Dear Q. N.—Relax. Just because your balls are getting high-strung doesn't mean you need to be. Your disappearing-ball trick is not all that unusual an occurrence among older men. Some sag; some don't. (And to think that some women say they all look the same!) I don't blame you for being concerned about the family jewels, but as long as you know where they are, you're safe.



BIRTH CONTROL FOR THE '80s

During the late '60s and early '70s, scientists tried to develop futuristic forms of birth control—pills for men and tiny faucets implanted in the penis to turn the flow of sperm on and off. Unfortunately, this “brave new world” of contraception has not materialized. However, researchers are working on a wide variety of new methods that will be available within the next decade, including safer birth-control pills, easier-to-use diaphragms, and hormone-releasing vaginal rings and rods. What's going to be on drugstore shelves in 1990, however, won't do you much good if you're getting ready to ball tonight. Here's a rundown on the latest developments available in 1985.

The Pill: Enovid 10, the first popular birth-control pill for women, was introduced in the U.S. in 1960. Containing the female hormones estrogen and progesterin, it prevented a woman's ovaries from releasing eggs. In 1983, researchers at the University of Southern California School of Medicine published a report claiming that women under 25 who have taken a form of the Pill high in progesterin run a “substantial risk” of contracting breast cancer.

The answer to this problem may be the safer, low-dosage “minipills.” First marketed in 1973, these are low in progesterin and have no estrogen. But they're not as effective as other birth-control pills and may cause irregular menstrual cycles.

Every year almost 10,000 women are hospitalized for complications related to use of the Pill—everything from noncan-

cerous liver tumors to heart attacks. However, this number represents only .10% of all women who are now taking it.

According to a landmark study released in 1983 by the Alan Guttmacher Institute, the Pill has gotten a bad rap. The institute's findings maintain that it's more dangerous for a woman to drive a car than to be on the Pill—unless she's over 35 and smokes cigarettes.

Some 500 women reportedly die each year from Pill-related illnesses. But the good news is that a number of potentially life-saving side effects are also being discovered. Based on a survey of hospitals, the Guttmacher report found that the Pill can help prevent ovarian and uterine cancer, pelvic inflammatory disease (PID), benign breast tumors and other female ailments. Regardless of its mixed blessings, the Pill is still the second-most-popular form of contra-

ception among women because of its 95% effectiveness rate.

Intrauterine Devices (IUDs): These small, wirelike gadgets are inserted into a woman's uterus by a doctor or nurse practitioner. Ever since they were introduced in the mid-1960s, there has been heated debate over their safety, with many women complaining about excessive bleeding, perforations of the uterus and PID. Some types, such as the Dalkon Shield, were taken off the market because of alleged hazards.

Because the device has been known to cause permanent sterility, Guttmacher's research recommends that “women under the age of 25 who have had more than one sex partner



BY JEFFRESSNER

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

Famed cocksman Casanova placed a hollowed-out lemon rind in his lover's vagina to block the flow of sperm.

and who wish to have children in the future are not good candidates for IUD use." In fact, IUDs are blamed for about 9,600 hospitalizations in the United States every year.

Condoms: Also known as rubbers and prophylactics, penis sheaths have been around for centuries. The first-known mention of them was in 1564, when anatomist Gabriel Fallopius wrote about linen cock-covers used to prevent syphilis. Today they are usually made of latex rubber or lamb intestines and are the third-most-popular form of birth control. (Recently a variety of condoms have been introduced that are lubricated with a spermicide.) Apart from total abstinence, rubbers are still the most effective way to prevent the transmission of a venereal disease.

Spermicides: While substances that kill sperm are a 20th-century development, women have been putting what they believed to be contraceptive fluids into their vaginas for thousands of years. Modern spermicides (available in jelly, cream, foam and suppository form) were first used in conjunction with diaphragms and condoms, but since 1970 a

number of products containing a higher percentage of spermicide have been marketed and can be used on their own. Unfortunately, spermicides are only 82% effective, and used on their own they lose their potency after about 30 minutes. In addition, some men and women have experienced a painful burning sensation on their genitals from these substances.

Perhaps the most serious problem with spermicides came to light early this year. A federal court ordered the maker of Ortho-Gynol contraceptive jelly to pay \$5.1 million in damages to a woman who had become pregnant while using the product and whose child was born with only one arm and several fingers missing.

Sponges: For centuries women have been inserting natural sea sponges into their vaginas in the hope that they would prevent pregnancy. In 1983 spermicide-laden, polyurethane sponges went on the market. Their manufacturer claimed they were the safe, convenient, over-the-counter birth control product that women had been waiting for. Once moistened with water and inserted, they provide protection for up to 24 hours.

But some evidence suggests that

sponges can cause vaginal infection and even toxic-shock syndrome. They're only slightly more effective than other forms of spermicide protection—about 84%.

Diaphragms: We have the legendary Casanova to thank for these rubber cups that fit over a woman's cervix. During the 1700s the famed cocksman first came up with the basic idea for the modern-day model, hollowing out a lemon rind and placing it far up into his lover's vagina in order to block the flow of sperm. Today's diaphragms are used with a small amount of contraceptive jelly or cream placed inside the cup before it is inserted—and remain effective for up to six hours.

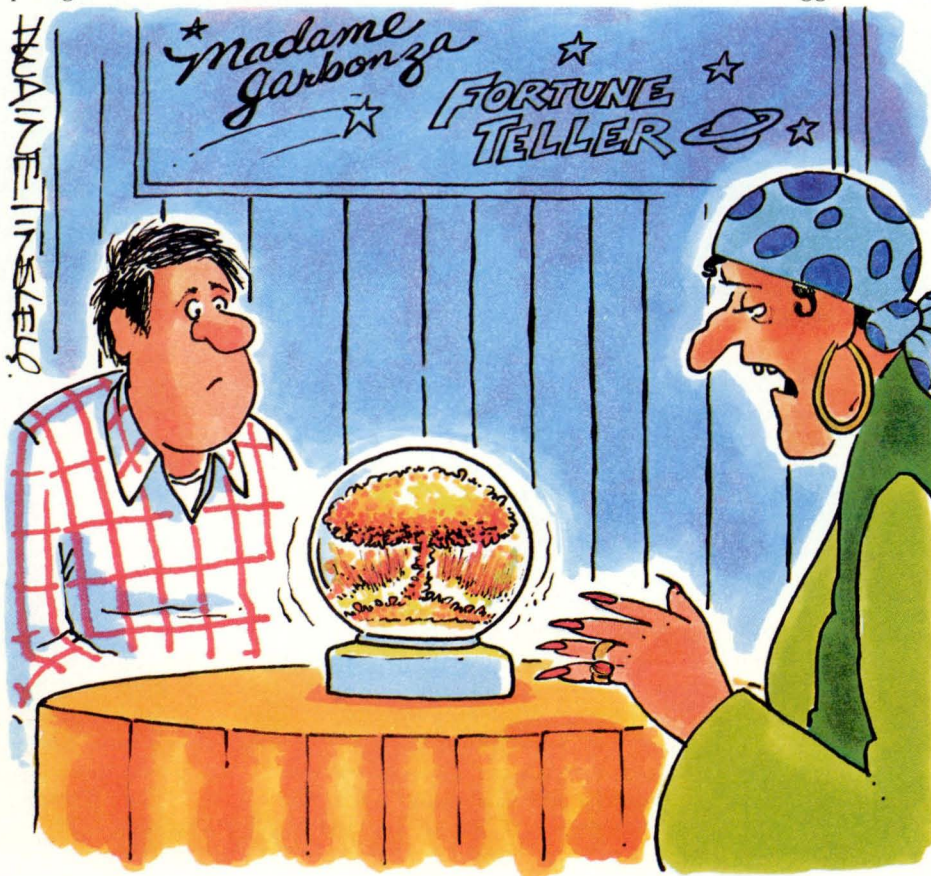
The cervical cap is a fairly recent innovation that offers several advantages over the larger, traditional rubber cup. Thumb-sized, it fits snugly over a woman's cervix and can stay there for several days. Because they're smaller, cervical caps are much easier to insert than diaphragms and require only a tiny amount of spermicide. But they're harder to keep in place, leaving a wide margin of error if the device has slipped.

Surgery: According to the Guttmacher Institute, "Sterilization is now the leading method relied upon by women to protect them from unwanted pregnancy." One operation, called a tubal ligation, involves tying off the Fallopian tubes, which carry the eggs from the ovaries to the uterus (where they can be impregnated by sperm). Unfortunately, of the more than 700,000 women who are sterilized each year, 32,000 are later treated for infection, hemorrhaging and other serious complications. And sterilization is permanent, although some women have had their tubes successfully reconstructed.

Men can also be sterilized by undergoing a relatively safe procedure called a vasectomy, which can be done in a doctor's office. After a local anesthetic is administered, the tube that carries sperm to the penis is cut and tied off. Contrary to myth, men who've had vasectomies do ejaculate a fluid, but it doesn't contain sperm. While vasectomy reversals have a higher success rate than those for tubal ligations, sterilization is still only recommended for men who no longer want to father children. Both operations, if performed correctly, are 100% effective.

* * *

With so many methods of birth control available, there's no easy answer to the question "Which type is best for me?" Men and women should consult with their doctor or local family-planning center, and perhaps even try a few different methods before deciding. Clearly, a healthy sex life requires some care and attention—especially if children don't fit in the picture. 🍌



"Uh... don't make any plans for dinner...."

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

May 1985

YEN FOR PORN

Beijing, China—Videotapes depicting pornographic scenes are becoming such hits in this city that its cultural bureau is actually sponsoring special public showings. Restaurants, auditoriums and hotel dining rooms outfitted with 20-inch color TVs have been doing double duty as official pornvid theaters.

More than 70 such videocassettes—presumably brought in from nearby Hong Kong—have been circulating in Yangchun for months, with

audiences at some showings exceeding 3,000. (Most attendees are young people.) China is quite prudish by Western standards, making the sanctioned showing of the sex tapes all the more remarkable. Well, maybe not so remarkable considering China's recent flirtation with capitalism. The officials responsible for the screenings justified them on the grounds of opening up their country to the outside world... and making money.

Kicking the Habit

Minneapolis-St. Paul, MN—Sex Addicts Anonymous, an organization created to help its members fight the feeling, claims that more than 1,000 men and women have now joined its ranks. Dr. Eli Coleman, founder of the group, describes the typical sex addict as male, professional and trying to juggle as many as six different affairs at the same time. "The sex addict's work," says Coleman, "suffers because he spends one half of his day planning and the other half carrying out his obsession." What Coleman doesn't explain is what these people do at meetings.

That Is a Banana in Your Pocket

London, England—In an announcement that gives new meaning to the phrase "Man is descended from the apes," prominent British obstetrician Ian Donald predicted that within a few decades women may be spared the inconvenience of pregnancy altogether. Chimpanzees, who also have a nine-month gestation, could be enlisted to carry human embryos to term, says Donald. Employers—chronically opposed to maternity leaves—are expected to be wild about the news.

Answered Prayers

Santa Cruz, CA—Much to the relief of adolescent male praying mantises, recent videotapes of the insects mating in their natural environment have proved that adult males are not decapitated by their female partners during sex. A group of researchers say that previous studies erroneously concluded that decapitation was part of the mantis's sex act. Actually, the scientists hadn't been feeding their female subjects enough.

Oldies but Goodies

San Diego, CA—Swingers clubs for spouse-swapping senior citizens may be the coming thing. Don Hauck, publisher of San Diego-based *Swing Magazine*, was surprised to discover that his advertisers included swinging "over-the-hill gangs" in the Southern California cities of Anaheim and Hemet. So how else do you suppose Grandma caught the clap?

Yet Another Sex Survey

New York, NY—According to a new study conducted by sex researcher Dr. Carol Flax, American men and women—whether hetero- or homosexual—have sex an average of six times a month. Other findings include: Orgasms are important to 81% of men and 60% of women; 76% of men and 71% of women classified themselves as "excellent" lovers; and the number of people who prefer sex in the complete nude has increased since Kinsey first popped that question in 1953. After analyzing all the responses to her questionnaire—and discovering that the population is about evenly distributed among eight styles of sexual behavior—Flax concluded that in sex "there is no such thing as normalcy."

Prime Cut

Kidbrooke, England—Convicted multiple rapist Allan Pearey tried to blame his crimes on his vasectomy. The 35-year-old father of four wanted to have more children when he remarried. Unfortunately, when he found out that his operation couldn't be reversed, he went over the edge. Raping women was the method by which Pearey chose to "assert" himself because, he said, unable to father more children, "I felt I was no longer a man." The only place Pearey will be asserting himself now is behind bars. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Jell-O Moves When You Eat It

Tel Aviv, Israel—All is not well in Israel's beds, says marital expert Dr. Ronald Wertikowsky. He was quoted in a feminist magazine as saying that Israel's women "have a tendency to be frigid, are extremely passive during and about sex, and prefer to go shopping or undergo cosmetic plastic surgery rather than try to seek help in a sex clinic."

Match This

New Delhi, India—Bride-burning, where husbands torch their wives because their in-laws don't cough up enough money and presents, is an age-old practice in India. But according to government officials, this grisly custom is more popular today than ever. In 1983, New Delhi police reported 690 cases of wives being burned to death. Saria Mudgal, president of India's "Salvation of Women" organization, attributes the trend to the rising consumerism of the middle class.

Pillow Talk

South Orange, NJ—Women who have extramarital affairs are not after sexual thrills, claims sociologist Lynn Atwater. They're after better communication than they get at home and a more emotional relationship. "Men are always asking me what they can do to prevent their wives from having an affair," Atwater says. "I say, 'Talk to her.'" One word of advice: "Suck it, bitch!" may not be what Atwater has in mind.

ILLEGITIMATE BUSINESS

Evansville, IN—"There was a time when being unmarried and pregnant was the worst thing that could happen to a girl," said a board member of the nation's oldest home for unwed mothers. "That's no

longer true." The 114-year-old haven for "girls in trouble" is closing its doors after its last client leaves, forced out of business by the growing acceptance of unwed motherhood, the increased

use of contraceptives and abortion. Administrators also admitted that this Christian home was perhaps hopelessly behind the times. Until recently the young women who stayed there were called inmates and confined to its grounds for their entire stay.

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BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Considering the putrefying army of diarrhea-encrusted shitholes who compete each month for Asshole status, it's often a tough choice separating the most deserving leaky turd-chute from the multitude of contenders. This time, however, it was easy. No one is more worthy of being named Asshole of the Month than Los Angeles feminist lawyer Gloria Allred.

A former two-term president of a boot camp for man-haters—L.A.'s chapter of the National Organization for Women—Allred promotes women's causes almost as vigorously as HUSTLER promotes women's coozes. (More vigorously, in fact, when television cameras are rolling.)

Lately, though, the maggots-infested pigshit this Asshole's been spewing out under the guise of women's rights is fouling the air with the familiar stench of that old-time repression which sex-fearing feminists and religious Fundamentalists are so eager to cram down the throats of others. Not only that, but Allred—with all the subtlety of an ax murderer—is hacking away at your First Amendment rights, the self-styled Fuehrer of an unconstitutional antipornography crusade headed by a small but extremely loud-mouthed group of her fascist feminist friends.

This is what she's up to: Allred recently coauthored a proposal for an antiporn ordinance in Los Angeles similar to the ones her "sisters" tried to dump on the citizens of Minneapolis, Minne-

Gloria Allred



sota, and Indianapolis, Indiana. The would-be law is one of the most blatant forms of government censorship ever proposed. It defines pornography as "the graphic, sexually explicit subordination of women through pictures and/or words." Under this interpretation a sex manual showing a man lying on top of a woman would be pornographic and subject to prosecution.

If enacted, the statute would permit any woman to demand the censorship of *any* sexual material she said offended her, without having to prove that it actually caused *any*—let alone serious—harm to her or to anyone

else. In other words: Rile a dyke—go to jail.

Of course, the main target is supposed to be sexually explicit matter, but have you ever heard of a satisfied fanatic? You bet your sweet First Amendment you haven't. Any sex censor with a wild hair up her brain would manage to twist such laws so they'd allow her to dictate the content of all films, books, magazines, TV shows, newspapers, billboards—you name it. And make no mistake about it: Allred's ordinance may be aimed at Los Angeles, but you can be sure there's one being planned for your community as well.

Allred defends her attempt to undermine the Constitution by declaring that "the First Amendment is not absolute" and that the rights of pornographers should be limited. Bullshit! Constitutional protection of free speech is *absolute*. Every person's voice is protected—even Allred's hysterical ravings—no matter how offensive their opinions may be.

Another thing that pisses us off about this legal parasite and her buddies is that in their transparent lust for power, these publicity sluts are attempting to whip up national hysteria by focusing on the most violent examples of pornography and pretending that all porn is of the same nature. It's not, but *all* speech is protected by the First Amendment. In addition, they lie through the teeth in their twats when they claim that pornography causes violent attitudes and behavior toward women. There's not a shred of reputable evidence to support this kind of horseshit propaganda—and they know it.

As Allred and her cronies' tactics and hypocrisies are exposed, it becomes clear that the real enemy of the antiporn movement isn't violence and it isn't pornography. The enemy is sex itself. That assholes like Allred refuse to face up to this points to a sad, sick state of affairs in the women's movement—because the evidence proves that it's the repression of sexuality which leads to rape and violence against women—not porn.

FARTS IN THE WIND

While feminist mouthpiece Gloria Allred took "top" honors this month, other individuals and organizations are worthy of recognition on this page. They are May's Farts in the Wind.

When SYLVIA SIEGEL, director of Toward Utility Rate Normalization (TURN), was invited to write a Guest Edi-

torial on the skyrocketing phone rates brought about by the breakup of Ma Bell, she turned us down. She didn't want to "dirty" her hands by writing for HUSTLER. In the next breath, however, she said that for \$4,000 she'd consider bringing the matter up with her board of directors. Maybe Siegel's phone bill was higher than she'd remembered... but

whatever the reason for her sudden about-face, we decided not to dirty our money by giving it to this hypocrite.

Neo-Nazi, white-supremacist groups in the U.S. and Canada are linked by a home-computer network that allows subscribers to obtain lists of Jews, suspected Communists and "race traitors," thanks to LOUIS BEAM. Beam, a former Grand Dragon of the Texas Ku Klux Klan, set up the electronic antisocial reg-

ister to tip off members to "enemies" of the white Aryan race.

INTER-AID INC. (IA), a religious fund-raising organization, seems to operate on the theory that it is better to receive than to give—much better. IA has collected millions of dollars for the starving people of Ethiopia through emotional media appeals, but can provide no evidence of delivering any aid to the impoverished African nation.

TV Shows We'd Like to See



Sex Crimes of the Rich and Famous

It's soaring into syndication this fall; so prepare for the boob tube's latest entry in the celebrity-scumbag sweepstakes. The focus of the program is on depraved sexual deviations performed by or on a public figure. Subjects range from the rape of Connie Francis to Claus Von Bulow's rumored necrophilia. The premier episode, featuring director/kiddie connoisseur Roman Polanski, should have Aaron Spelling drooling with envy.



Miami Mice

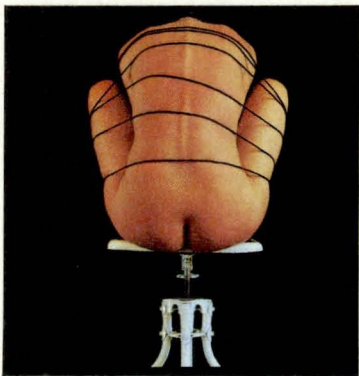
They're a pair of street-wise rodents looking for cases they can sink their teeth into. When some squealer rats on his fellow vermin, you can bet the thrills don't stop there. Things may get hairy, but these two won't quit till they've ferreted out the Big Cheese. ABC's newest fast-paced action drama is sure to claw its way to the top of the ratings heap.



Far Eastern Intrigue

Women—whether popping their corsets or just pulling 747s out of the sky—you gotta love 'em.

These bizarre little treats were found in *Photo Japon*, a big, brazen and beautiful Japanese photo-art magazine that never ceases to feature superb visuals. For the record, the lady with airplane is the work of photographer John Thornton, while the laced lovely was shot by B&D aficionado Richard Cerf.



Fuck You, Yuppie Bitch?

Young executives, wake up and smell the undies. There's a new gal in town, and she's dressed to kill, poised to thrill and in search of a three-piece-clad hard-on that'll make her IRAs wet with delight. Of course, getting into the upwardly mobile pants of this new-age femme fatale ain't no easy chore. So here's a few modified one-liners that may help you get down to business.

★ Instead of saying "I'm really horny," try "Baby, my VISA's about to reach its limit."

★ Replace "Suck my cock, slut" with "Could I interest you in a piece of property just south of here?"

★ And change "I'd really love to eat your pussy" with "You know, your Mercedes could use a spit shine."

Stick to this outline, fellas, and we unconditionally guarantee that in no time flat you'll be hearing those magic words, "Hey, buddy, is that a pocket calculator in your pants or are you just glad to see me?"



HUSTLER'S

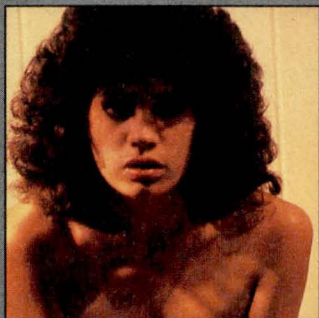
9 t h A N N U A L

EROTIC

F I L M A W A R D S



BEST FILM:
Every Woman Has a Fantasy



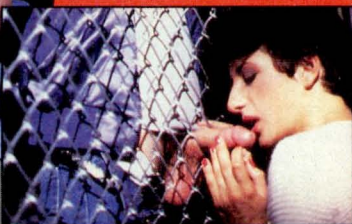
BEST ACTRESS:
Victoria Jackson in *Firestorm*



MOST ACCOMPLISHED CUNILINGUIST:
Brooke West in *Playing With Fire*



MOST ACCOMPLISHED FELLATIO ARTIST:
Marilyn Chambers in *Insatiable II* and Sharon Mitchell in *Throat ... 12*



Although adult-theater attendance fell during 1984, the huge sales of X-rated videocassettes indicate that more people than ever are watching hard-core movies. Unfortunately, the flood of video releases did have a negative effect on the industry. With the increased competition and saturation of the home-viewing market by quick-and-dirty shot-on-video features, porn-film makers were less inclined to innovate or spend big bucks on production values, as had been the trend in recent years.

Yet there were some shining accomplishments, and HUSTLER readers were quick to spot them. Response to ballots printed in the January '85 HUSTLER was unprecedented. You, the readers—the most important critics—sent a loud, clear message to the makers of erotic motion pictures. By speaking out about what turned you on—and what turned you off—porn producers know that the viewing public demands hot performances in high-quality films.

This time around you awarded a first-ever tie: Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist goes jointly to Marilyn Chambers and Sharon Mitchell. Normally, this would have called for a tie-breaking suckoff, but sending the ladies to visit each of the ballots

was just too damn hard to organize. And anyway, there's still a lot of room at the top, right?



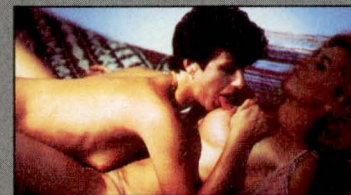
BEST ACTOR:
Paul Thomas in *Public Affairs*



BEST DIRECTOR:
Cecil Howard for *Firestorm*



BEST SEX SCENE:
Misty Mallory and Craig Roberts in *Stud Hunters*



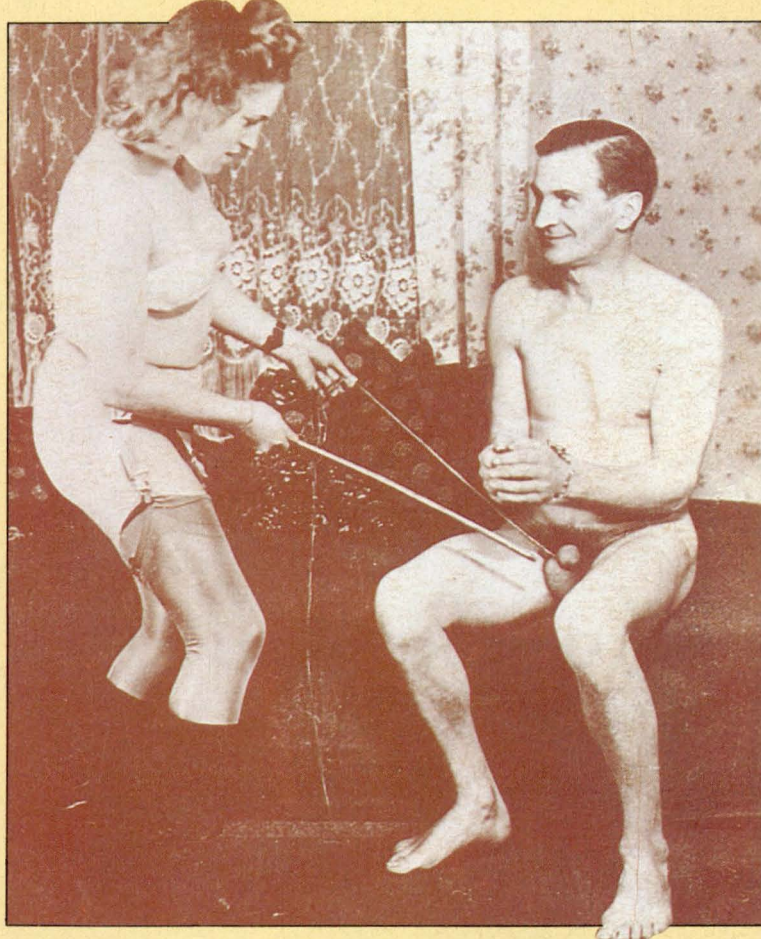
MOST DISAPPOINTING FILM:
Lady Lust

Interest Rate Up ↑

Horny ladies who can't find a cock to ride, relax! Technology has just created something you can really bank on. The Insta-Feller is an automated clit-, ass- and tongue-tickler that should have women across the USA counting their blessings. Deposit, anyone?



Porn from the Past



The Dill of It All

The folks at Claussen pickles are apparently aware of the art of subliminal advertising. A HUSTLER reader sent in these two pickle-jar lids: (above left) an earlier

version, and (above right) a more recent modified edition. The man jerk-in' his gherkin looks satisfied, but in marketing such images are a no-no. It's never a *dill* moment at Claussen.

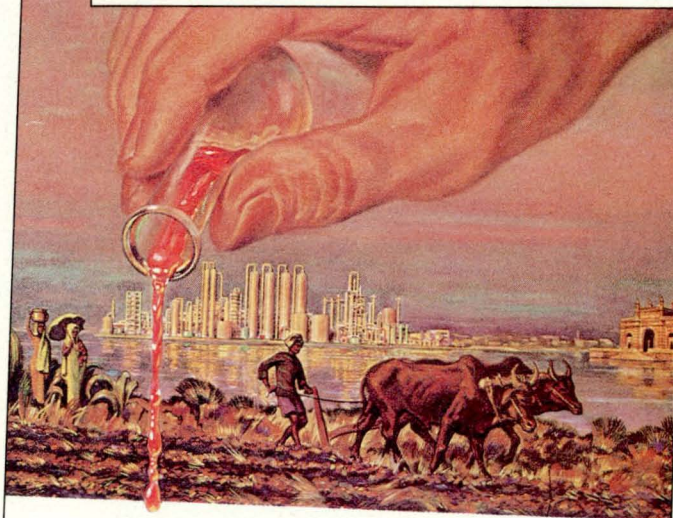


Please Don't Eat the Pansies

Judging from the recent Moral Majority mass mailing that warned

Americans against homosexuality, no wonder fleet-footed fairies are scared wingless. With the conservatives on the rampage, no one is safe.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE.
(Original advertisement for Union Carbide as it appeared in the April 1962 National Geographic magazine.)

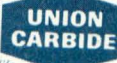


Science helps build a new India

Oxen working the fields . . . the eternal river Ganges . . . jeweled elephants on parade. Today these symbols of ancient India exist side by side with a new sight—modern industry. India has developed bold new plans to build its economy and bring the promise of a bright future to its more than 400,000,000 people. ▶ But India needs the technical knowledge of the western world. For example, working with Indian engineers and technicians, Union Carbide recently made available its vast scientific resources to help build a major chemicals and plastics plant near Bombay. ▶ Throughout the free world, Union Carbide has been actively engaged in building plants for the manufacture of chemicals, plastics, carbons, gases, and metals. The people of Union Carbide welcome the opportunity to use their knowledge and skills in partnership with the citizens of so many great countries.

WRITE for booklet H-8 "The Exciting Universe of Union Carbide," which tells how research in the fields of carbons, chemicals, gases, metals, plastics and nuclear energy keeps bringing new wonders into your life.
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A HAND IN THINGS TO COME



Inside Dope

For years the government has been trying to educate parents about teenagers and drugs. Now, at last, it's published a pamphlet with some useful information. It's *your* money the little bastard's been scoring with; so aren't you entitled to your share? Moms and Dads—equal opportunity has arrived!

A Public Service of the U.S. Government Price \$3.95 YOUR CHILD'S STASH AND HOW TO FIND IT

- Rock Concerts and Cocaine: Send Them and Do Theirs
- Mom and Pop Running Short? Increase the Allowance
- Dope Behind the Posters: Get Your Share
- And much, much, more . . .

For Burned-Out Adults Only





Dutch Treat

We offer a tip of the creative cap to the ultramodern prime movers at *Verkerke Reproducties B.V.* (P.O. Box 67, 6710BB Ede, the Netherlands). Their *Photo Surrealism 1985* calendar is one slick and sexy collection of dazzling avant-garde, off-the-wall photos that demand attention from any part-time purveyor of pop art. By the way, the model pictured here is *not* Grace Jones.

NATIONAL

VIGILANTE

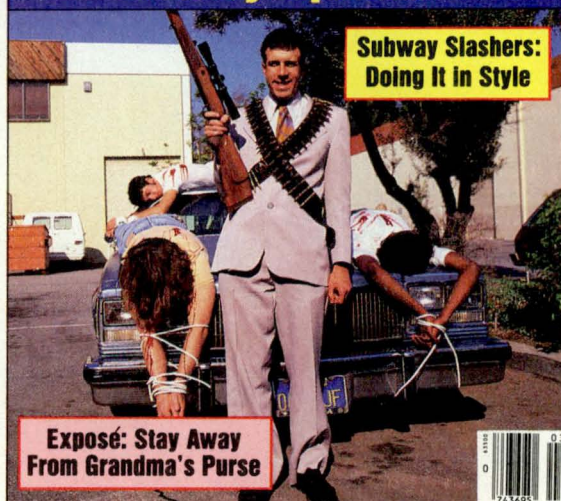
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May 1985

Lunch-Hour
Weaponry

Making Saturday Nights Really Special

Subway Slashers:
Doing It in Style

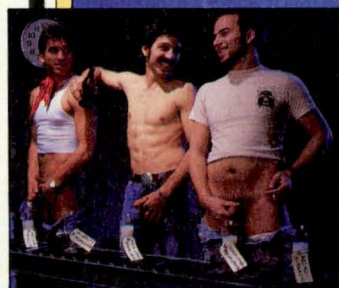


Expose: Stay Away
From Grandma's Purse



.38-Special Interest

It appears that 1985 is going to be the year of the vigilante. So it's only fitting that this radical group of well-armed, self-appointed protectors has a publication it can call its own—a magazine that caters to the amateur assassin with an eye for the future and a finger on the trigger. *Soldier of Fortune*, eat your heart out!



Do It Yourself

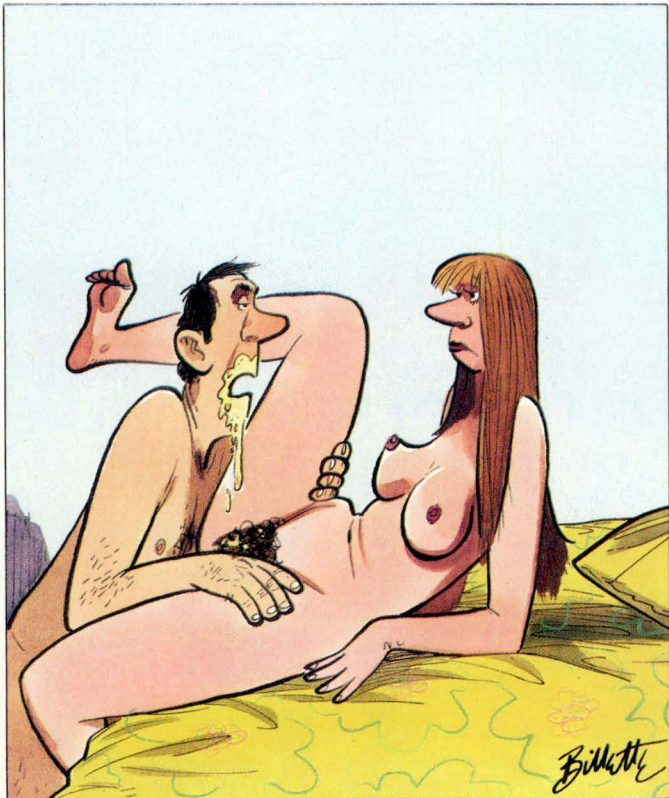
Artificial insemination is currently all the rage among women who want to bear a child without having to go to the trouble of fucking some slimy guy. Now, for the working-class lesbian or butt-ugly would-be mama, there comes a revolutionary technique that's so easy, a mindless bimbo could do it. Goodbye cock—hello morning sickness. . . .



Food for Thought

Millions of poor Africans are starving to death every day while lunch and dinner may be staring them right in the face. We're not saying that cannibalism is the only solution to the continent's massive hunger problem—it's just an idea the natives may find easy to digest.

Most Tasteless Cartoon

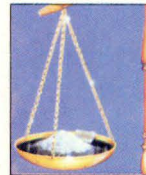


"Better see your gynecologist.
Your pussy juice has pulp in it!"

HUSTLER Update

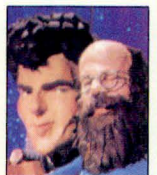
COCAINE BATTLE- GROUND February '84

In a broad report on cocaine, **HUSTLER** told of outdoor drug markets operating freely in some big cities. Since then, so-called rock houses, places where gangs sell small quantities of cocaine for as little as \$25, have proliferated in Los Angeles. Local authorities have failed to make a dent in the trade despite the creation of a 40-member task force to combat the problem. Police have arrested nearly 750 suspects and shut down 60 houses, but dealers bail out, and businesses relocate. Residents upset over violence have appealed to President Reagan for federal assistance. The battle goes on.



HARD-NOSED '60s RADICALS January '84

Left-wing poet Allen Ginsberg finally made it into big-time publishing. Harper and Row brought out an anthology titled *Collected Poems 1947-1980*, and Ginsberg signed to do five other books for the publisher. Also, the National Endowment for the Arts is funding a biography and documentary on his life.



Socio-political humorist Paul Krassner received an award from the trade publication *Drama-Logue* for his standup comedy act. In addition, *Best of the Realist*, a selection from Krassner's classic irreverent magazine, is now available. Are the revolutionaries becoming respectable? We hope not.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted *Bits and Pieces* item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one *B&P* item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For May, \$150 goes to Ted Siegel and Rodney Anton. **HUSTLER's** comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. **HUSTLER's** use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.



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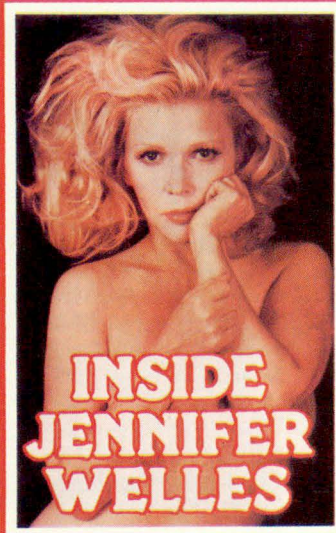
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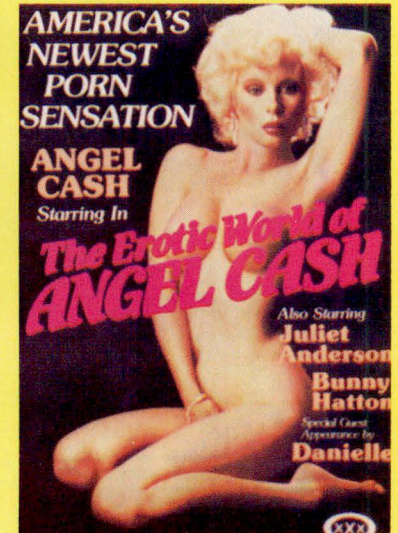
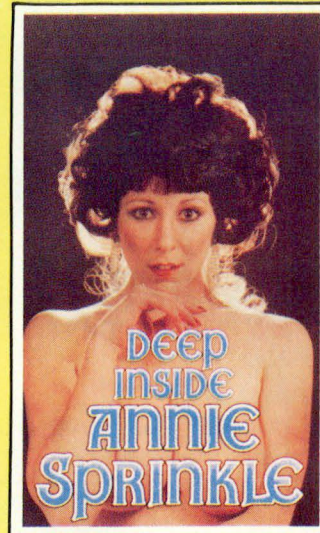
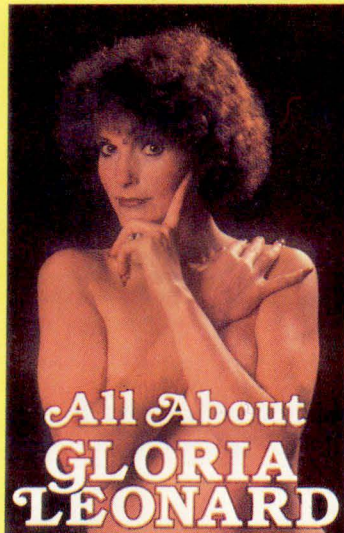
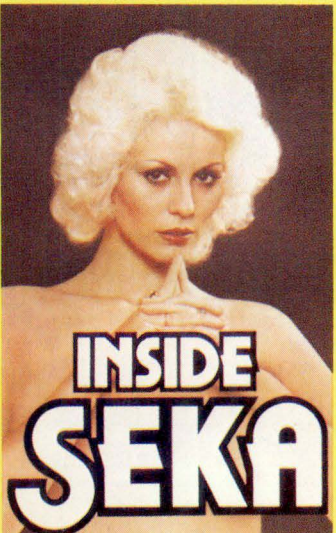


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EROTIC HUSTLER

Entertainment

X-RATED FILMS, FUCK TAPES AND MORE

X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Pussycat Galore

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by James George; written by Rick Marx; directed by Jackson St. Louis; starring Joey Silvera, Honey Wilder, Brooke Fields, Annette Heinz, Danielle, Cassandra Leigh, Renee Summers, Carol Cross, Paul Thomas, Chelsea Blake, Jerry Butler, George Payne, Bobby Astyr and



'Pussycat Galore': Carol Cross calls the shots in an innovative lesbo scene.

David Scott. Running time: 81 minutes.

This well-directed, zany fuck film features a clever script and witty dialogue by master blue-screen writer Rick Marx and better-than-average acting by most of the cast. Although some of the sex bouts are rather slow in getting off the ground—apron-clad George Payne's humiliation scene (he's a "Congressmaid") and the Jerry Butler/Annette Heinz toe-suck in particular—they all generate the heat and energy necessary to launch your meat-missile.

Pussycat Galore is a callgirl service run by Joey Silvera and Honey Wilder that caters to the rich, the famous and the kinky. When the movie opens, we meet five girls (Heinz, Brooke Fields, Danielle, Cassandra Leigh and Renee Summers) who, dissatisfied with their lives, decide to answer Silvera's ad recruiting women for his business.

Once they're selected, they begin a rigorous training program that includes everything from how to give a proper blow-job (Silvera to Heinz: "What are you scared of? You're gonna eat it; it's not gonna eat you. It's your friend . . . your best friend.") to



Paul Thomas and Chelsea Blake sample Renee Summers's poon in 'Pussycat.'

how to talk dirty to how to use a vibrator. Fully trained, the graduates are sent out to service clients.

Easily the most bizarre encounter is between Carol Cross—who plays a rich lesbian—and Leigh. Wearing a tux and sporting a penciled-on mustache, Leigh is forced into the men's room of a seedy bar by Cross, who's wearing a parody of macho-dyke drag: boots, yellow-rubber waders, flannel shirt and hardhat. Commanding Leigh to drop her trousers, bend over and stick her head into a urinal, Cross sits down on her hat like it's lunchtime and ravenously eats Leigh's snatch.

The remaining scenes encompass an equal blend of humor, kink and eroticism (ranging from sensuous and tender with Fields and David Scott to submission and humiliation with Payne, Wilder and Danielle), a winning combination that makes *Pussycat Galore* both a clever oddity and a hot commodity.

—D. O.



"Congressmaid" George Payne has his references checked in 'Pussycat.'

Tower of Power

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Sam Norvell; written by Mark Spellington; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Annette Haven, John Les-



Janey Robbins's outstanding contribution to 'Tower of Power' is a crack-up.

lie, Harry Reems, Janey Robbins, Herschel Savage, Angel, R. Bolla, Colleen Brennan and Melanie Scott. Running time: 85 minutes.

Tower of Power wants to be a suspenseful, highly charged depiction of the dog-eat-dog world of corporate America—with cumshots. What it wants to be and what it is, however, are two different things.

The cumshots may be there—though one or two more would certainly have improved matters—but *Tower* has about as much suspense as the outcome of the last Presidential election and less voltage than Ron and Nancy's victory fuck. So-so direction and a piss-poor script bear much of the blame.

(We get the feeling that a gust of wind scattered the shooting script across someone's tennis court, and the pages that were re-

covered didn't all get put back in the proper order.)

The plot—which has more holes than a lesbian orgy—revolves around Chairman of the Board Fred Kingsley's (R. Bolla) discovery that someone has been revealing company secrets to a competitor. Calling a special meeting of his top personnel, he informs them that there's a traitor in their midst whom he wants uncovered in a week's time.

You'd think that after this revelation everyone would scurry around trying to unearth the spy or that the screenwriter would have created situations and dialogue to reveal why all—or some—of the characters might be motivated to sell Kingsley out. But no-o-o. They just go on about their business of hopping into the sack with the characters they've been assigned fuck scenes with.

As for the sex... there are only a few sequences that show a

spark of raunch: Bossy Annette Haven lays back and instructs Herschel Savage on how to screw her—then comes like she means it; Janey Robbins (Savage's "sister") gives him a terrific blowjob, sucking his dick all the way to the base; and John Leslie and Angel have a good Leslie-type talk-dirty-and-fuck scene at the beginning of the film. All in all, the sex is as conventional, mechanical and wooden as most of the acting.

Haven, by the way, is the big blabbermouth. And when she's revealed at film's end, she starts screaming about how she's going to get even with Bolla... well, you can almost see the sequel to this one in the making. Not to worry. There's no way that *Tower of Power II* could be worse than the original.

—D. O.

Up! Up! and Away!

Half Erect. Produced by Bob Bouschard; written and directed by Jim Hunter; starring Cody Nicole, Paul Thomas, Jerry Butler, Stacy Donovan, Ginger Lynn, Sasha Gabor, Gabrielle Behar, Laurie Smith, Colleen Brennan, Lisa Thomas, Bunny Bleu, Bridgette Monet, Steve Carson, Greg Rome, Larry Harwood, Shelly Rey and Jamie Gillis. Running time: 82 minutes.

This third entry in the *All-American Girls* series is a sex-drenched picture whose plot defies description—only Cody Nicole's running narration keeps everything sorted out. The plot, however, is not the main problem with *Up! Up! and Away!*

The problem is the sex... a very strange complaint to make about an X-er with virtually non-stop hard-core action. (There are nearly a dozen fuck scenes.) But rather than arouse us to feverish pud-pulling, these predominantly mechanical encounters serve mainly as brief reminders of how desperately porn needs new faces, new bodies and new ideas.

Whether it's a pilot cooing-pounding a stewardess in the cockpit of an airliner, girls splashing around in a spa or the conventional thrust-and-grind on the conventional bed, *Up! Up!* drags out all the clichés and tosses them up on the screen as if this were 1975 rather than '85.

A couple of carnal capers are the exceptions that zap some life into the proceedings: lustrous Nicole's superhot masturbation scene that results in a scorching fuck with Paul Thomas, and Nicole and bimbos' bimbo Laurie Smith having a spanking good

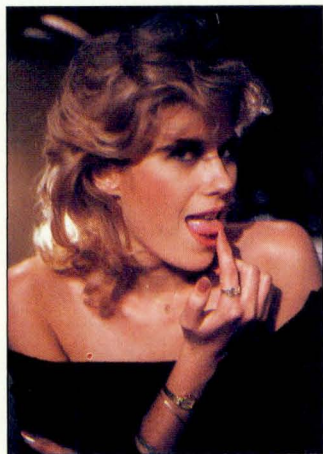


Sultry Gabrielle Behar, the freshest face in wall-to-waller 'Up! Up! and Away!'



'Up! Up!': Cody Nicole beats down Greg Rome's resistance to her schemes.

time with a double-dong dildo maneuvered into their twats by raspberry-nippled Colleen Brennan. Also, for Lolita-lusters, two pseudo Girl Scouts—Bunny Bleu



This is not the only thing on the tip of Nicole's tongue in 'Up! Up!'

and Lisa Thomas—show up at Thomas's hideaway selling cookies and their nookies.

Up! Up! and Away! is a definite wanger-whacker for people who don't see many adult films—and would undoubtedly be perfect erotic entertainment for a fraternity smoker, a retirement-city beer bust or a Miss America Pageant tea party—but for anyone seriously into porn flicks, there's not much to get up! up! about. —D. O.

Good Girl/ Bad Girl

Half Erect. Produced and directed by Art Ben; written by Pamela Penn; starring Colleen Brennan, Joey Silvera, Sharon Mitchell, Taija Rae, Carol Cross, George Payne, Eric Monti, Jerry Butler, Paula Meadows, Sandra King, Joseph Striker,

Silver Star, Melody and Klaus Multia. Running time: 81 minutes.

Good Girl/Bad Girl is certainly an imaginative flick. The imagination, however, belongs to someone other than these filmmakers. *Good Girl* is a hard-core remake of Hollywood's 1944 classic mystery, *Laura*. But perhaps this is more than just another ripoff. Maybe the producers merely wanted to pay tribute to a great film on its 40th birthday—and maybe Karen Silkwood was drunk driving. . . .

Good Girl is the story of a police detective (Joey Silvera) who becomes obsessed with Velva, an actress whose supposed murder he's investigating. As Silvera questions her friends and associates, he is intrigued by the conflicting opinions these people have about her. Some of them insist that she was good to the core; others say that she was a degenerate slut. Silvera is determined not only to solve the case, but also to solve the puzzle of Velva's character.

Velva—as you might have guessed—turns out to be alive. The woman whose face was blown away was her stand-in/housekeeper Harriette, a wild, wanton sleaze queen who often impersonated Velva, thus earning her an undeserved bad reputation. Colleen Brennan (in the dual roles of Velva and dirty Harriette) tells all this to Silvera—with the added information that it was *she* who accidentally fired the fatal shot. After that (of course!) she fucks him. His obsession satisfied, he agrees to let Velva disappear into a new life.

Considering the film that inspired it, *Good Girl* should have been a lot better. Except for the



Wonder-hump Colleen Brennan shines as the 'Good Girl/Bad Girl.'

"borrowed" plot, a few interesting sexual touches—chief among them Brennan and Silvera's ball-burning fuck and a steamy scene in which Paula Meadows gives Silvera a handjob on a catwalk above an all-out orgy—*Good Girl/Bad Girl* is decidedly standard porn fare.

—D. O.



'Good Girl': Carol Cross begins to heat up at Joey Silvera's sensuous touch.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

Dixie Ray—Hollywood Star
Every Woman Has a Fantasy
Firestorm
Great Sexpectations
Hot Pursuit
Insatiable II
Professional Janine
Reel People
Spitfire
Suzie Superstar

Three-Quarters Erect

Corruption
Dirty Girls
Erotic Radio WSEX
Girls on Fire
Go for It
Hypersexuals
Never Sleep Alone
Night Magic
Piggy's
Public Affairs
Sex Spa U.S.A.
Studhunters
Temptation
Throat . . . 12 Years After
Trinity Brown
Unthinkable
Viva Vanessa—The Undresser

Half Erect

All the Way In
Hostage Girls
Inflamed
Kinky Business
Private Moments
Raw Talent
Sex Play
Sexdance Fever
Show Your Love
The Pink Lagoon
The Pleasure Hunt

One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act
L'Amour
Sweet Young Foxes

Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon
Bodacious Ta Ta's

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.
-  THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
A well-made film.
-  HALF ERECT
So-so. Limited appeal.
-  ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

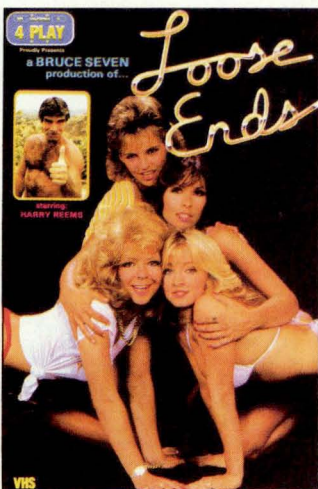
PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Loose Ends

(4 Play) This full-length video follows Heather (Our-Lady-of-Kink, Janey Robbins) in her search for an orgasm. Her boyfriend (Steve Drake) can't give her one—even after an extended, sweat-soaked screwing. So she kicks him out and rings up her old high-school chum Linda (Erica Boyer), who fixes her up with a pair of chromed vibrators. Once Linda has Heather's twat and bunghole buzzing at the same time, the elusive climax is only minutes away. Afterward



the girls head over to Mistress Ann's (Karen Summers) for some light B&D and a lesbo threeway



Karen Summers gets hung-up on pornstud Mark Wallace in 'Loose Ends.'

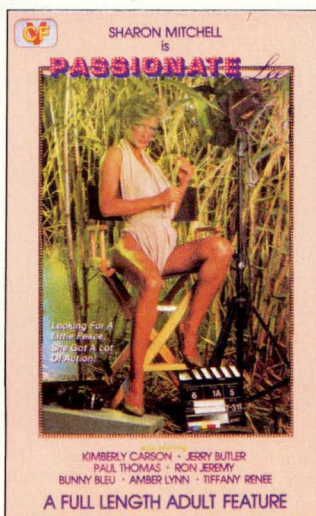
that leads to the hottest scene in the tape. The trio are joined by Tom Byron and Mark Wallace for a scorching orgy highlighted by Robbins being pussy- and butt-fucked at the same time. Although *Loose Ends* has some loose ends of its own—uneven editing, a tacked-on ending, sex scenes that make detours from the plot—the camerawork is good, and there are several great close-ups and plenty of down-and-dirty sex. If anal action peppered with lesbian lust and a dash of basic sucking and fucking is your dish, *Loose Ends* will definitely keep your pecker popping. —Jack Mortimer



The erotic highpoint of 'Loose Ends' is a five-way in Mistress Ann's dungeon.

Passionate Lee

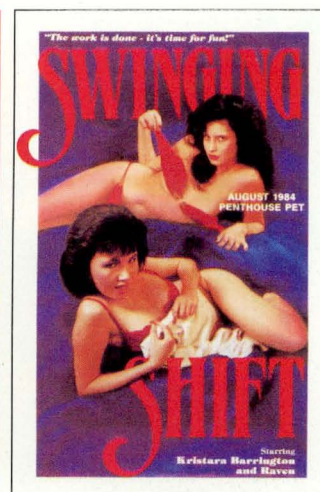
(Creative Video Features) From its funky low-rent opening scene to its humorous closing credits, this shot-on-video production is easily one of the funniest and best-written on the market. And as a bonus there's a terrific acting—and fucking—job by Sharon Mitchell. Sensuous, lanky Mitchell plays Lee Fontaine, a porn queen who's absolutely had it with cum being squirted on her face. When she threatens to quit, her agent convinces the actress that she just needs a little rest, and he sends her to his sister's house in the suburbs to relax. Lee gets little relaxation, however. Eddie (Jerry Butler), a friend of the agent's nephew, drops in, recognizes Lee and corners her in the kitchen, begging her to screw him. She gives in, gives Eddie the ride of his life and leaves him passed out on the



floor. Later, in one of those abrupt left turns that seem to come naturally to porn films, Lee agrees to help Eddie earn some money by getting three of her starlet friends (Bunny Bleu, Amber Lynn and Tiffany Renee) to ball a couple of his professors. After a few more sizzling suburban sexcapades Lee hightails it back to the "quiet" world of fuck films. Lighthearted, sexy *Passionate Lee* is proof that comedy and sex can mix. Check it out. —J. M.

Swinging Shift

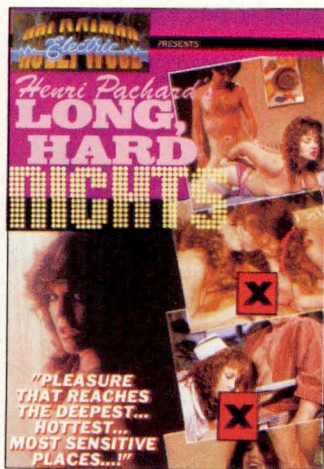
(Cinderella Distributors) *Swinging Shift* is about Blake "The Wedge" Palmer and Tom Byron balling various chicks, then teaming up for a threeway with Sheri St.



Claire. Although this 80-minute video does have some good moments, it never really heats up—and the sound and visual quality are so poor as to outweigh the merits of any action that might otherwise be of interest. The most notable achievement in this pornvid is St. Claire's ability to take Palmer's enormously thick cock up her ass—the approximate equivalent of forcing a Saturn rocket down a drainpipe—during a double-penetration scene with Byron. St. Claire's feat aside, the best word to describe *Swinging Shift* is mediocre. —J. M.

Long, Hard Nights

(Electric Hollywood) Ace adult-film director Henri Pachard takes his first stab at videotape with this production—and misses the bull's-eye by a couple of rings. Close... but no cigar. Henri. Taija Rae plays Nora, a nutty, hot-twat nurse who sees her wet pussy as a necessary element in the healing process. But the hospital's head physician (R. Bolla) thinks otherwise and



fires her for fucking the patients. So she takes her sexual healing talents elsewhere. That's it in a nutshell. Overall, *Long, Hard Nights*—a totally meaningless title—tends to drag, although there are a few rousing sexual encounters. Of interest are a spicy threeway between Bolla, Tasha Voux and Spring Taylor Dee, a lesbian duo (Kristara Barrington and Charlie La Tour—with a strap-on dildo) and a fevered cum-on-tits suck-and-fuck between Rae and Joey Silvera. There's more sex, of course, but

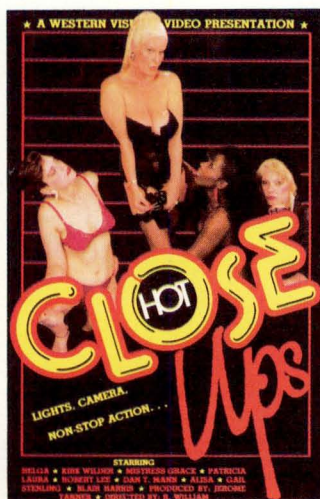


Busty Taija Rae stars in director Pachard's X-vid, 'Long, Hard Nights.'

the best way to get to it is with your finger on the fast-forward button. —J. M.

Hot Close Ups

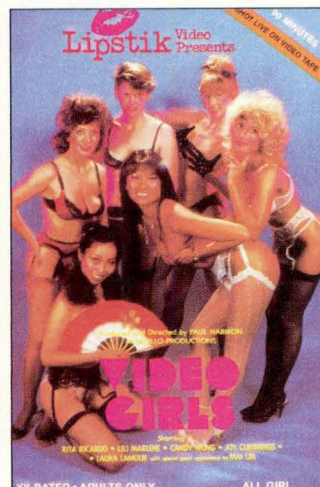
(Western Visuals Video) *Hot Close Ups* is a strange combination of scorching sex and true kink. It begins innocently with Mauvais De Noir striking teasing poses for fashion photographer Inga (the mighty-mammariéd Helga Sven). De Noir is joined by two more models, and as Inga snaps away, the session is crashed by a well-dressed wimp called Humphrey Chumley who offers big bucks for some time with the girls. Busy Inga takes off on another assignment, leaving Chumley at the mercy of three—as it turns out—dominatrices. Now decked out in ladies' lingerie, Chumley is humiliated, slapped around and paddled by the three bitches—one of whom winds a whip tightly around his cock before giving him a handjob. Chumley is in heaven. Viewers will be too . . . if they're into dominance-and-submission and guys who look like they belong in a Frederick's of Hollywood display window.



Except for a second D&S scene (Chumley again), the balance of the tape consists of more conventional sex, but unless you're a connoisseur of kink, *Hot Close Ups* may leave you cold. —D. O.

Video Girls

(Lipstik) Another sapphic stroll through the sheets from the lesbo-loving lechers at Lipstik, *Video Girls* is the slickest, sexiest, steamiest all-lady offering to come down the porn tracks in a poon's age. Starring Rita Ricardo, Candy Wong, Joy Cummings, Laura Lamour, the ever spread-legged Mai Lin and the girl who gave new meaning to the word *bimbo*, Lili Marlene, this shot-on-video feature is loaded with lapped cunts, nibbled nipples and



disappearing vibrators. There's also an all-out, all-beaver orgy that'll build a bone in any red-blooded boy's shorts. Save for a cast that couldn't act its way out of a torn condom—thanks partly to a ridiculous script—*Video Girls* gets high marks for pure, untainted action. For pud-pulling voyeurs it's a must! —D. O.



As the Sperm Churns

Considering the immense popularity of daytime and nighttime soap operas, it should come as no surprise that someone in the porn industry is cashing in on the phenomenon with a racier version of TV's torrid series. *Ice Cream* is the brainchild of TriVid (formerly Producer's Concepts), which has already produced four cassettes (*Tuesday's Lover*, *French Postcard*, *Touch of Mischief* and *Naked Eyes*) that follow the steamy saga of Jerry (Herschel Savage) and his ice-cream parlor. Written so that each volume stands on its own as well as fitting into the overall melodrama, the series is notable for its use of long, loving sex scenes rather than the wham-bam encounters that are the standard of the X-industry.

And, of course, in true soap fashion the continuing story raises such gut-wrenching questions as: Could the niece Savage has been balling actually be his daughter? How come waitress Lynne Cartier earns \$12.50 an hour in an almost-perpetually-empty ice-cream parlor? Will Misty (Savage's sister) find out that the main ingredient in the secret topping is his own jizz? Will the next episode continue to tease the hell out of us, or will there be some startling revelations? Do we care? 🐞



The KGB enlists innocent young men and women
to seduce Americans for defense information.

COMMUNIST SEX SPIES

Exposé by

Victor Ross



Illustration by Walter Lee

American engineer, age 28, residing in Seattle, Washington, desires to meet single females, ages 21-27, interested in marriage. Respondents must be attractive, well educated and in excellent health. English-speaking blonde or brunette preferred. Must be affectionate and willing to demonstrate physical and emotional compatibility. I plan to marry in Warsaw (Catholic ceremony), honeymoon on French Riviera and return to USA in approximately 6 weeks. If you'd like to come with me, contact Mike Warenski at Chopin Hotel 56-74-46.

* * *

The preceding ad probably wouldn't have pulled well in the *Los Angeles Times*, but in the personal column of *Trybuna Ludu*—the biggest newspaper in Warsaw, Poland—it was a sure winner. Mike Warenski (a pseudonym, like all the names in this article) could afford to be very specific about the qualifications of his intended bride. The life of wealth and ease in America that his ad implied assured him a steady stream of applicants. His average looks and quiet shyness might have been liabilities in a Hollywood singles bar, but his citizenship and income put him at the top of the most-eligible list in Poland.

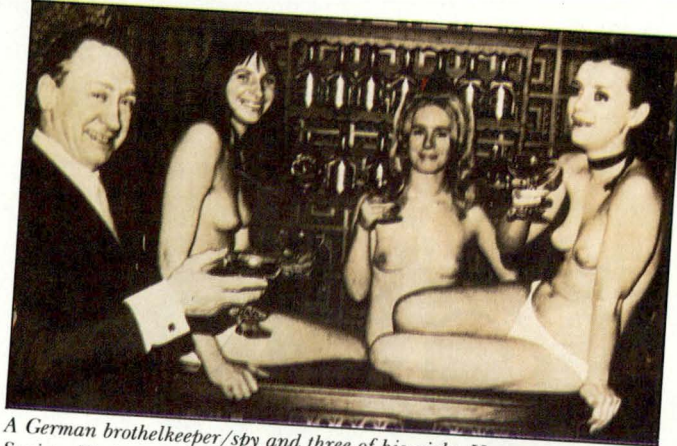
He was a ticket to the promised land. Warenski wanted to take full advantage of his celebrity status. Before selecting a wife, he was going to enjoy the quest. He was determined to take home not only a mate, but some stories to tell the guys at work about how many times he'd been laid and in how many positions.

Daniella was the first to reply to his ad. She nearly ruined his plans. He was entirely unprepared for her appearance, even though he'd spoken with her a few hours earlier when he made the appointment. She was so stunningly beautiful, he could only stare open-mouthed at her standing in the doorway of his room.

"May I enter?" she asked in crisply accented English.

"Yes, of course, come in," he replied hastily. Warenski's mind reeled as he took the young woman's coat, showed her to a chair and offered her a drink. This was like a dream—too good to be true. He never imagined that any of the respondents would be so gorgeous.

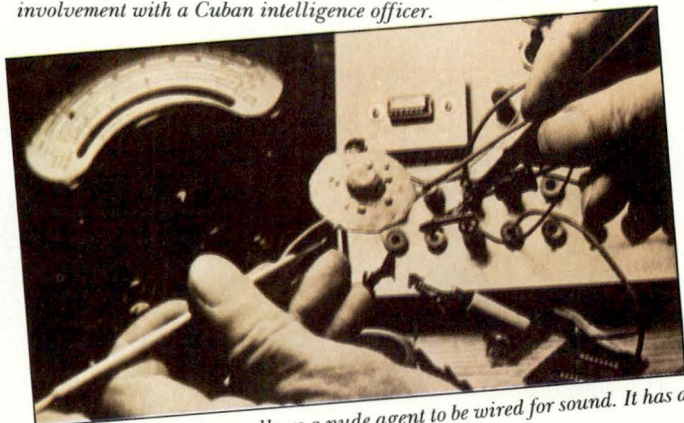
An hour's conversation proved Daniella also met his other requirements. She put him at ease, made effortless conversation, broke through his shyness and left him wondering why he'd ever had difficulty socializing with women.



A German brothelkeeper/spy and three of his girls. He was killed by the Soviets. Their fate is unknown.



American Jennifer Miles's security position was compromised by her involvement with a Cuban intelligence officer.



This nipple transmitter allows a nude agent to be wired for sound. It has a range of approximately 300 feet.

The Sex Training of a Soviet Spy by Maria Jankowski

I was born in London in 1948. My parents were exiled there during the Second World War, and my father refused to return to Poland after the Communist takeover. He worked in England and obtained British citizenship, but when he died in 1960, my mother decided to return to the old country. She thought we could live more cheaply there on my father's pension. We settled in Wroclaw, where we had some family.

I hated Poland at first. The pension money wasn't enough to live on, and we didn't have anything. But my mother joined the party and soon got a government job. Things began to improve.

I had few friends at school. My Polish was good, but I spoke with an accent, and the other students regarded me as a foreigner.

I did well in my studies, however, and my instructors liked me. I easily passed the exams for entrance into the technical institute and was at the top of my class there for two years. My mother was very proud of my achievements.

In my third year two men from the U.B. (Polish secret police) visited the institute and interviewed several students. At first we thought they were looking for subversives, but they talked only with the children of party members. One of them visited me.

He asked questions about my personal life and background, and merely nodded at my answers as if he already knew what I was telling him. He then informed me that I had been selected for an important job in the party. When I asked for details, he was eva-

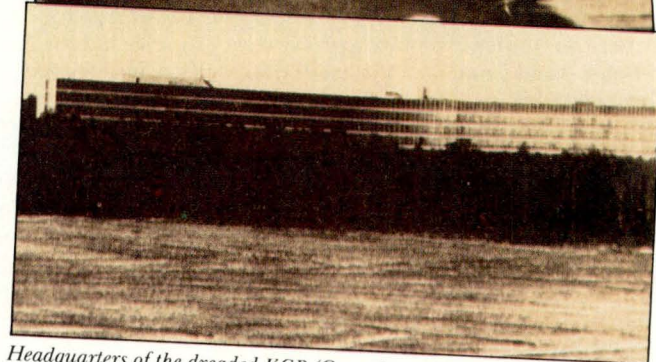
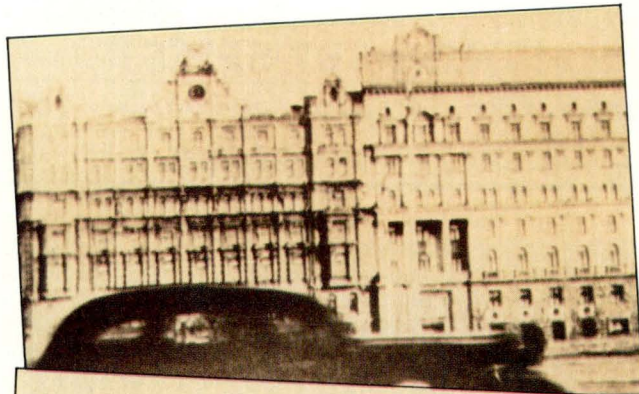
sive. He said I'd have to pass a medical examination and undergo rigorous training. If I passed, I'd be given a high government position, a large salary and the chance to travel abroad. I accepted his offer almost without thinking.

The medical exam was frightening. A man and a woman doctor were present. I had to undress completely and was very embarrassed. They examined my sex organs with great care. I was still a virgin, and the man's fingers inside me hurt. The woman asked many very personal questions, some of which I didn't even understand. After they finished probing my vagina, they took pictures from all sides of me standing naked against a wall with height markings.

Two days after this experience I was in-



An attractive Russian agent is shown at the home of a U.S. diplomat in this country. She was subsequently "terminated with extreme prejudice," presumably by the KGB.



Headquarters of the dreaded KGB (Committee of State Security) in Moscow and the main office-complex outside the city.



The Soviet Embassy in Mexico City is a hotbed of clandestine activity. It's the command post for KGB operations in Latin America.

formed that my training would begin the following month. I was given a two-week holiday from school to visit my family, but I was cautioned not to date any man more than once. They seemed to know already that I had no steady boyfriend.

After my vacation I reported as ordered to a hotel in downtown Warsaw, Poland's capital. It was a luxurious building usually reserved for foreigners.

There were nine girls in my training group. I was surprised there were no men, but the female instructor told us that they were training separately and that we would meet only for specific purposes later. We all knew we were being trained in secret work and assumed that the separation was to maintain security.

The first two weeks after our arrival were taken up with lectures on world politics and party indoctrination. We were informed that our role in history was important and

dangerous. If we obeyed orders without hesitation, we would be rewarded with money and luxuries, but we had to remember that loyalty to the party and patriotism were to be our primary motivations. I felt proud to belong to such an elite group.

On the first morning after the political training concluded, we assembled in a windowless room with a cinema screen. The instructor ordered us to undress. We were stunned, but we obeyed, thinking that another medical exam might be coming. Instead, when we were all naked, the room was darkened, and a pornographic film was shown. I had never seen anything like it. Several sex acts were displayed, including oral sex and a lesbian encounter.

When the movie ended, I was blushing furiously. So were several others, but the instructor sternly told us to practice with each other the caresses we had seen the two girls performing on the screen. We could hardly

believe our ears, but again we obeyed. Some giggled to hide their feelings, and some were near tears.

Other films followed, and after each one we had to touch and explore one another's bodies in the same manner as we had seen. Sex was not openly discussed in Polish schools, and none of us had ever had any experience like this. After the second film the instructor was joined by two men, and we had to fondle one another in front of them. That night I cried myself to sleep.

The next day the scenes we had seen on film were acted out in person by a young couple who entered the room after we were all seated naked with our legs spread apart at the instructor's direction. The girl aroused the man with her mouth while our instructor commented on her technique. Then they demonstrated several positions of intercourse. We were all speechless.

(continued on page 56)

COMMUNIST SEX SPIES (continued from page 37)

A divorce would mean deportation. But she could kill him. The law protected widows, even black ones.

She was warm, charming, vivacious—all the clichés he'd heard about but had never encountered until now. By the end of the room-service dinner they were old friends; by midnight she was in his arms, and he couldn't recall who made the first move.

"American women are more aggressive than Poles," said Daniella. "I learned this at the cinema. I will try to be a good American wife."

With that she began to undress him. The American's sexual experience was limited, and his first impulse was to stop her. He managed to resist it. By the time he had clumsily unbuttoned her blouse, she'd removed everything but his shorts. She paused long enough to slip out of her skirt and bra, revealing hard-peaked breasts that Warenski's shaking hands instantly squeezed. His knees almost buckled when her fingers closed around his throbbing member. She bent over and kissed the tip sensuously.

Warenski was led to the bedroom by Daniella's gentle grasp around his balls. He would just as willingly have walked out of the fifth-floor window. Once he was lying on the bed, she went to work on

his shaft in earnest, sucking passionately. In less than a minute he came—great heaving spurts that she caught in her mouth while she milked him with both hands.

The rest of the night blurred into a dreamscape for Warenski. He screwed Daniella like he had never screwed any girl in his life—deeper, harder, longer.

Daniella left in the morning, but Warenski was careful to make a date with her for the next day. He'd have made it for the same evening, but he'd already set up a meeting with another hopeful. He was determined, despite Daniella's obvious qualifications, to survey the market before committing himself.

It went like that for more than a week; every other night with a different girl, the alternates with Daniella. Mike rejected some applicants at the conclusion of a telephone interview or after a single daytime meeting, but he scored easily with every dinner companion. He screwed them lying down, standing up and upside down. He screwed them from the front, from the rear and in the shower. He got massages, handjobs, blowjobs. One girl even offered to be his slave and let him

whip her to orgasm with a leather belt.

None of the women could touch Daniella. Every night with her was a new adventure in ecstasy. She was everything he wanted, and he didn't want to lose her. Ten days after they met, he was turning down good-looking prospects who bared their breasts and practically begged him to test their sexual abilities. He wanted to spend more time with Daniella. In three weeks they were engaged; in four, married; in six, after an exhausting honeymoon, settled into Mike's comfortable suburban tract home near Seattle.

The fact that Daniella already had a valid Polish passport, which enabled her to travel with him immediately, rather than having to wait for a hard-to-get exit visa, was icing on the cake. Warenski saw it as nothing unusual, just more of the lucky fate that had brought her to him.

Daniella was pleased with her new husband too, especially with his aeronautical-engineering position at an important company. She told him how proud she was to be married to a man who helped develop the air-defense forces of America. When he confided that his job involved the design and construction of large windmills to generate electricity from the prevailing westerlies that blew across Washington State, her attitude underwent a subtle change.

First, she gently pressured him to transfer to an aircraft-manufacturing division of the firm, arguing it would be more glamorous—and with better pay. When Warenski showed no interest in switching but confirmed that he liked his work and intended to make his career in wind-power generation, Daniella began to ridicule him as a modern Don Quixote who had no more future than the errant knight.

Warenski was stung and confused by her attacks, the more so when she began denying him sex, claiming she was no longer turned on by a man who played with toys for a living. His reaction was anger, and several of their fights ended with him raping her and forcing her to perform every sexual act he could think of. Daniella complied because he was stronger, but she also plotted revenge and a career move of her own.

Since she had entered the U.S. as the wife of an American citizen, she couldn't get a divorce without risking deportation. But she could kill him. The law protected widows, even black ones. Once Daniella concluded that her husband wasn't going to change his occupation to suit her career objectives, she moved quickly to terminate their marriage with extreme prejudice.

Warenski was already spending many nights out to escape his shrewish wife. Daniella encouraged this behavior and





COMMUNIST SEX SPIES (continued from page 38)

He saw Daniella standing inside the garage, completely naked, beckoning to him with obscene body movements.

plied him with more liquor when he came home drunk. Within a few months his job was in jeopardy, and his reputation among his friends had declined to the status of pussywhipped barfly. Daniella was often seen by pitying neighbors, helping her inebriated husband into the house. She no longer had to worry about his sexual advances. Most of the time neither he nor his penis could remain erect. When Warenski's image was socially and professionally destroyed, Daniella administered the coup de grace.

One rainy evening he returned home drunk once again. When he opened the automatic garage door, he saw Daniella standing inside, completely naked, beckoning to him with obscene body movements like the horny wife she'd once been. A sober Warenski would have sensed something wrong. After months of frigidity the change was too abrupt. But he wasn't sober, only desperate for what she had so long refused him. He pulled the car quickly into the garage and pressed the button to close the outer door. As the car's engine died, Daniella opened the passenger door, climbed inside and kissed him. He squeezed her

breasts and felt her respond to his touch.

Daniella gave him an open bottle of Polish vodka. He didn't notice that her hand holding it was covered with a nylon stocking. While he drank deeply, still sitting in the driver's seat, she unfastened his pants and pulled his limp penis into her mouth. It was a difficult position for a blowjob because of the steering wheel, but Daniella managed to perform adequately. She wanted Mike to stay where he was, and massaging his member with her tongue was the surest way to keep him there. Every few minutes she stopped sucking long enough to help him take another swallow of vodka.

It took a long time and all Daniella's skill to get a man as drunk as her husband to reach a climax. The bottle was nearly empty when he came, and she carefully swallowed his load. Within half a minute he was asleep, slumped over to the side with the last drops of liquor spilled on the seat beside him.

Daniella replaced his diminished organ in his shorts, zipped up his pants and fastened his belt. He was oblivious to her movements or her body now. She turned on the ignition and headlights again,

noted with satisfaction that the fuel tank was exactly half-full, then started the engine. It was running at a steady idle when she closed the door connecting the garage to the kitchen and went back to her bedroom at the opposite end of the house.

Despite a slight chill, Daniella kept her windows open the rest of the night as she quietly read and listened to the distant purr of the motor. There were no other sounds. By dawn the car was out of gas. So was Mike Warenski.

Three days after the funeral Daniella made a call from a pay phone to the Polish Consulate in San Francisco. She asked for an individual by name and informed him of her husband's death. The diplomat consoled her briefly, and she assured him she intended to pursue her original assignment in America. He congratulated her on her courage, and they agreed to remain in contact.

Daniella wasted no time before acting on her plans. She didn't know what sort of job her new lover would have, but she would make sure his security clearance and access to classified data merited the sexual satisfaction she'd give him. She was anxious to begin sending information to her superiors in the Polish secret service. One mistake like Warenski was enough. She'd find a man who could aid her career. Two days later a personal ad appeared in the *Seattle Weekly*.

Attractive, blond widow, 26, seeks to meet single man of similar age for dating and possible marriage. If you are stable, educated and have a secure career with a large corporation or the military, I want to hear from you. Please send details and a picture to Daniella, P.O. Box 17824. . . .

* * *

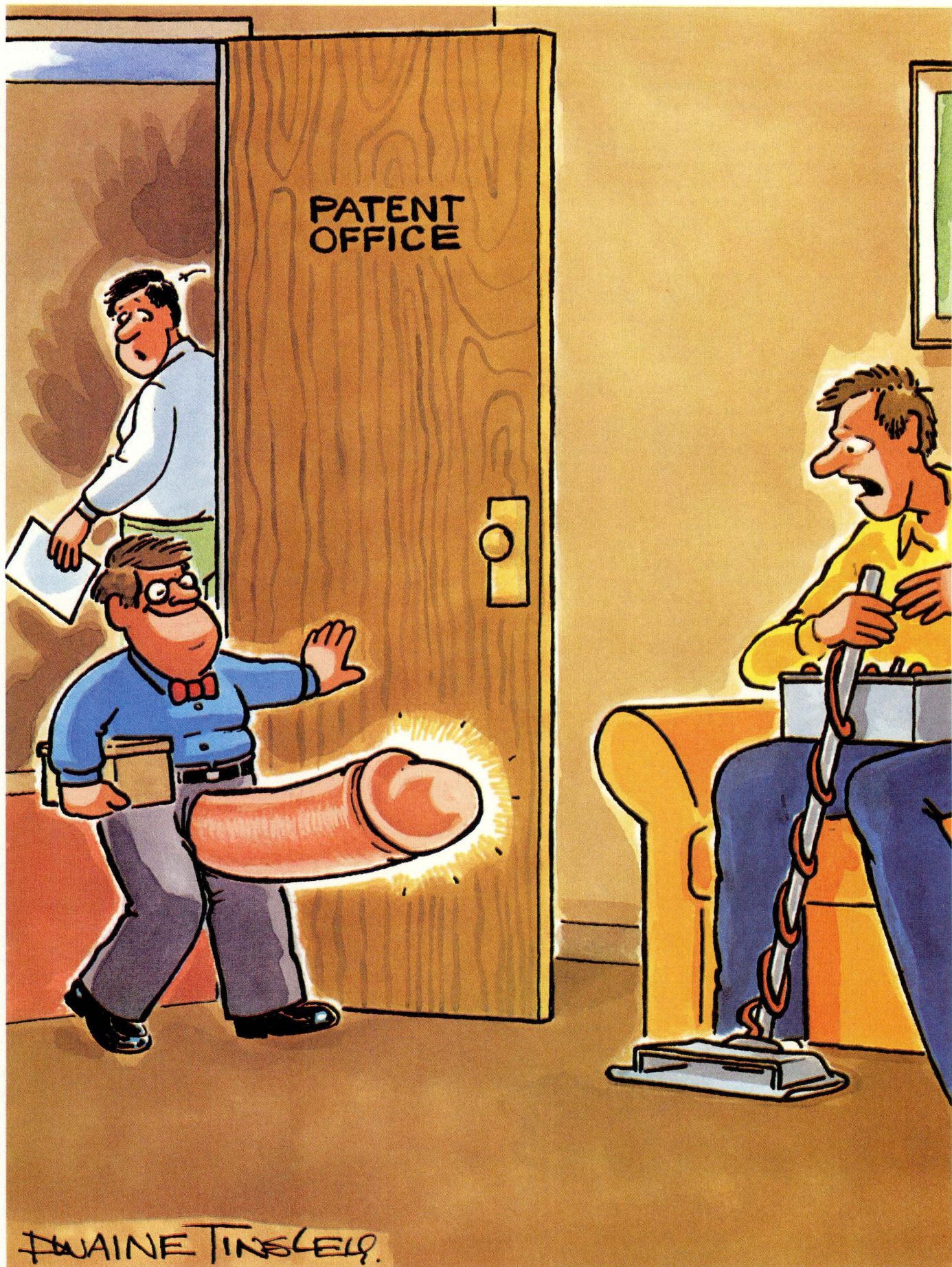
Daniella is a "sleeper," an agent of the Soviet KGB or another Eastern-bloc security service. These agents enter the United States under a variety of disguises and legal deceptions, but their purpose is always identical: to infiltrate American scientific, military and political institutions and ferret out intelligence information for transmission to their superiors.

By concealing their Communist Party backgrounds and espionage-agency connections, some sleepers acquire their own security clearances and steal information after gaining employment in a target facility. Others, like Daniella, establish relationships with Americans who already have access to classified data. They then seek to compromise their friends or lovers into betraying the secrets they possess.

Mike Warenski's engineering job appeared to make him an ideal candidate to serve as an unwilling Polish agent. Only after learning that he had no access to secret information and no career plans that



"Your frog legs a la bimbo, sir. . . ."



COMMUNIST SEX SPIES (continued from page 40)

The photographs and threatening letter arrived on the same day that Yvette learned she was pregnant.

would bring him any did Daniella discard him and seek another mate. Her impatience, rather than her method of doing so, was unusual. Some Soviet agents have devoted years to developing a convincing cover story or a strong relationship with a target individual before surfacing to begin their real work.

* * *

Cynthia Herrera was a Cuban-born, Moscow-educated professional revolutionary with years of espionage training when she arrived in Santiago, Chile. Using false papers provided by her KGB superiors, which showed her birthplace as Costa Rica, she quickly obtained Chilean citizenship and a secretarial position in the Chilean Foreign Ministry. Her competence and good looks brought her several advancements, each of which she used to improve her influence within the ministry and her contacts with foreign diplomats. She dated several members of the British and American embassy staffs and had a long-term affair with John Ovard, the second secretary for U.S. consular affairs.

When Cynthia told her lover how limited the opportunities for women were in

the Chilean Foreign Ministry, Ovard found a position for her at the U.S. Embassy. Their romance ended only when he and his wife were rotated home after completing a three-year tour of duty.

Cynthia bid him a tearful goodbye in private and stayed on at the embassy, where she had become a trusted employee. Rewarded with an assignment to the embassy's political section, she found numerous highly classified documents within reach of an enterprising agent. She also found a new lover who unwittingly added to her take by discussing State Department business with her in bed. Cynthia was a good lay and a good listener.

* * *

Yvette Chartress was the musically talented daughter of the French Ambassador to Canada. Her father's assignment in Ottawa enabled her to study at the Julliard School in New York, where she shared an apartment with two American students. They were active socially, but the shy Yvette rarely dated. On those weekends when she didn't visit her family, she'd go sightseeing around the city or study in her room.

On one such occasion she was startled

by a knock at the door. Through the peephole she saw a man holding a bouquet of flowers and, assuming they were intended for one of her roommates, she opened the door. The stranger was a handsome young man not much older than her own 20 years. He appeared very nervous.

"Annette Nicholls?" he asked. When she said no, his face reddened, and he looked terribly embarrassed. After an awkward silence he apologized. "I'm sorry. I've made a mistake. This is some kind of joke, but it's not very funny."

Yvette was sympathetic and curious, the exact responses the caller was counting on. She asked what had happened. His explanation enabled him to introduce himself and gain her confidence.

"I'm a student at NYU," he said. "My name is Randall Grant. To be honest, I came here on sort of a blind date. I answered a personal ad placed by a girl. She replied and gave me this address. I came to see *her*, but obviously I've been deceived. I feel very foolish. Would you like the flowers? I've no use for them now."

He was so sincere and humble that Yvette took the bouquet and was completely taken in by the man who called himself Randall Grant. She invited him in for coffee, and their conversation moved from the phony ad to other topics. It lasted all evening, the first of many that Yvette spent with her "accidental" friend.

The convent-educated French girl was fascinated by this young man, who was trained to be the epitome of her fantasy lover: shy, gentle, self-effacing, but handsome and very masculine. He made sure they had everything in common, despite their diverse backgrounds. Within a few weeks Yvette was in love, and Grant was in control of their relationship.

For greater privacy they began to meet away from Yvette's roommates. At his apartment they could give free reign to passion. Grant was experienced in sex but careful not to reveal his knowledge prematurely. He led the virginal Yvette from one act to another, trading on her feelings for him to establish absolute dominance over her.

From ordinary lovemaking they progressed to oral techniques, which she was taught and made to perform regularly. At his bidding she shaved all her pubic hair, and he responded by treating her to his best 69ing. Within weeks she was willingly indulging in the wildest sexual abandon with her lover, using everything from vibrators and whipped cream to handcuffs and whips. She could deny him nothing.

The photographs and threatening letter arrived on the same day that Yvette learned she was pregnant. Randall Grant hadn't planned that, but the effect on

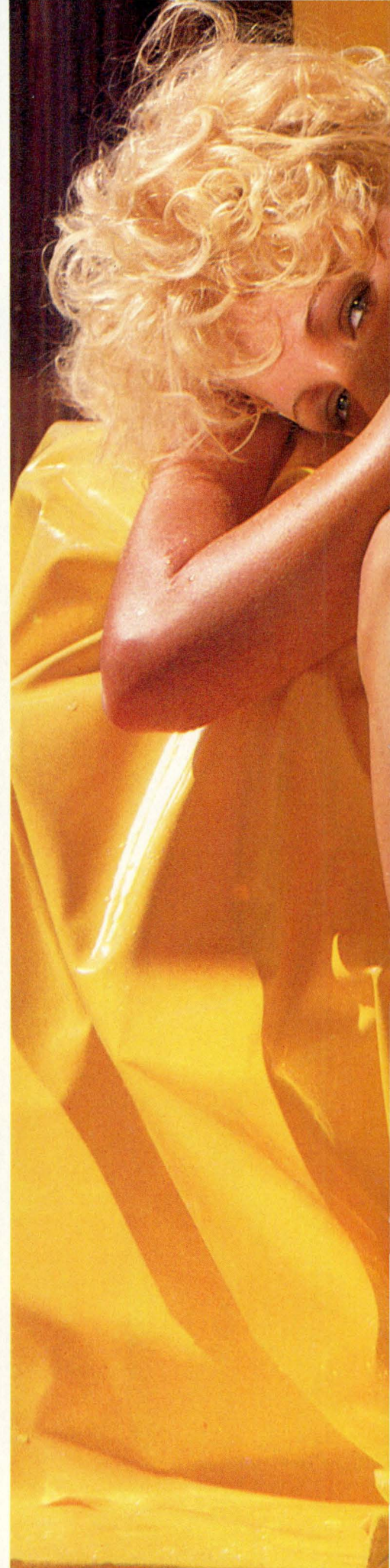
(continued on page 52)

MAY HUSTLER





"Oh, Lordy! A walk-in pussy!"

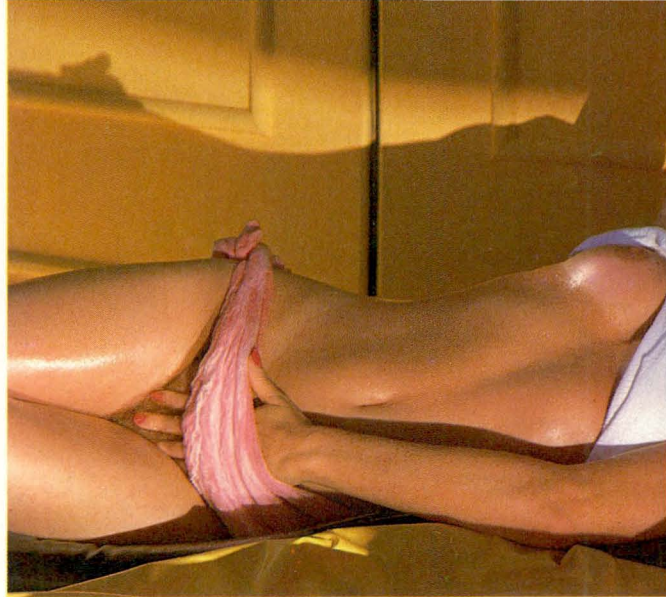


A woman with blonde hair is lying on her side, covered by a bright pink towel. She is positioned on a yellow, crinkled fabric surface. Her skin is glistening with water droplets. Her right hand is placed near her face, and her left leg is bent. The background is a solid, warm yellow color.

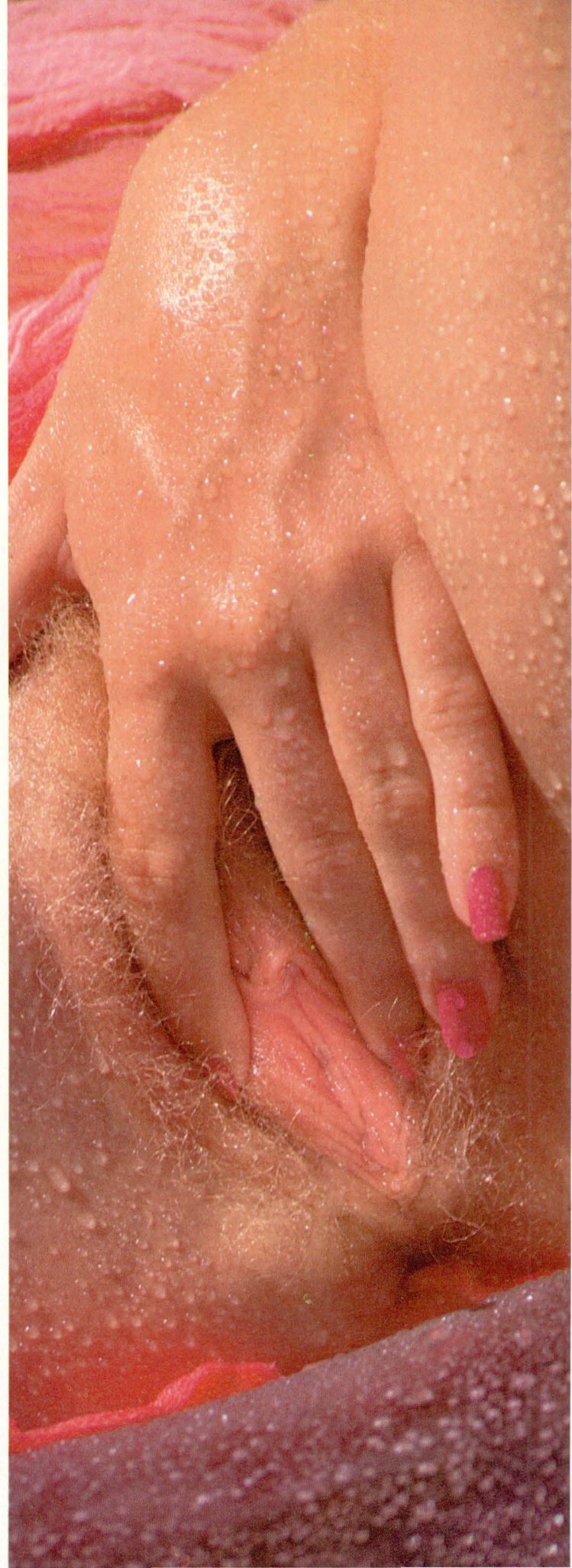
CARLOTTA

hot lips & fingertips

Photography by Matti Klatt









Ravishing Carlotta is taking a much-needed vacation, relaxing at a private pool in Palm Springs, California. "I'm all sexed out," the former beauty queen says with a contented giggle. "My boyfriend and I were celebrating our anniversary—three weeks together! Naturally, we spent the day in bed. And the day after and the day after that. . . . Finally, the neighbors started complaining about all the noise."

Now Carlotta's temporarily on her own, giving her aching pussy a well-deserved rest. Still, it is only a couple of days before the flames of lust lick at her loins once more. Soon her already-damp skin is beaded with sweat and love juices as she buries her fingers deep into her moist muff. It's tough to cool down when you're as hot as the lovely Carlotta.





COMMUNIST SEX SPIES (continued from page 42)

For Yvette the journey was a humiliating defeat of all her romantic dreams and the beginning of treason.

Yvette worked out well for his purposes. From the camera's viewpoint the bedroom scenes looked more like prostitution than love. Combined with an illegitimate child, she knew they would break her father's career as well as his heart. She couldn't believe that Grant was capable of such cruelty.

When she confronted him, he claimed to be as surprised as she was. He showed her a second set of photos he had received and another blackmail letter. The pictures had been taken from the adjoining apartment through a oneway mirror. That apartment was now vacant. Grant didn't know the former occupant but was sure that money could buy the person off. As for Yvette's coming baby, he gallantly offered to marry her at once. Somewhat reassured and wanting fervently to continue believing in her lover, the terrified girl accepted his proposal.

Three days later they met with the secret photographer, who was actually Grant's KGB superior. The latter did not acknowledge him, however. Instead he feigned as much horror at the man's demands as Yvette actually felt. He knew there was no option except to comply.

They flew to Ottawa the following weekend to arrange for their wedding and begin accumulating the Soviet's price of silence from among the secret papers of the French Embassy.

For Yvette the journey was a humiliating defeat of all her romantic dreams and the beginning of treason. For Konstanty Ivanovich Rostov, alias Randall Grant, it was the culmination of his espionage career. He would soon be married to a promising agent-in-place. He could control her actions, screw her daily, cheat on her at will, spend her family's considerable wealth and live the rest of his life in the West. He had, as they used to say in his hometown village on the Black Sea coast, landed a sturgeon full of caviar.

* * *

As these examples indicate, the Soviets and their allies make large investments in developing and placing sleepers who can become effective agents. And so does our own Central Intelligence Agency.

In the Cold War, diplomats, businessmen, cultural-exchange performers, sports figures and even ordinary tourists have all on occasion been used as spies by both sides. But all these groups have a

common disadvantage when operating abroad. They're known aliens, subject to close scrutiny and to rapid deportation if suspected of espionage. Such people are too vulnerable to be of value as operatives in a crisis, the precise time when their services are most needed.

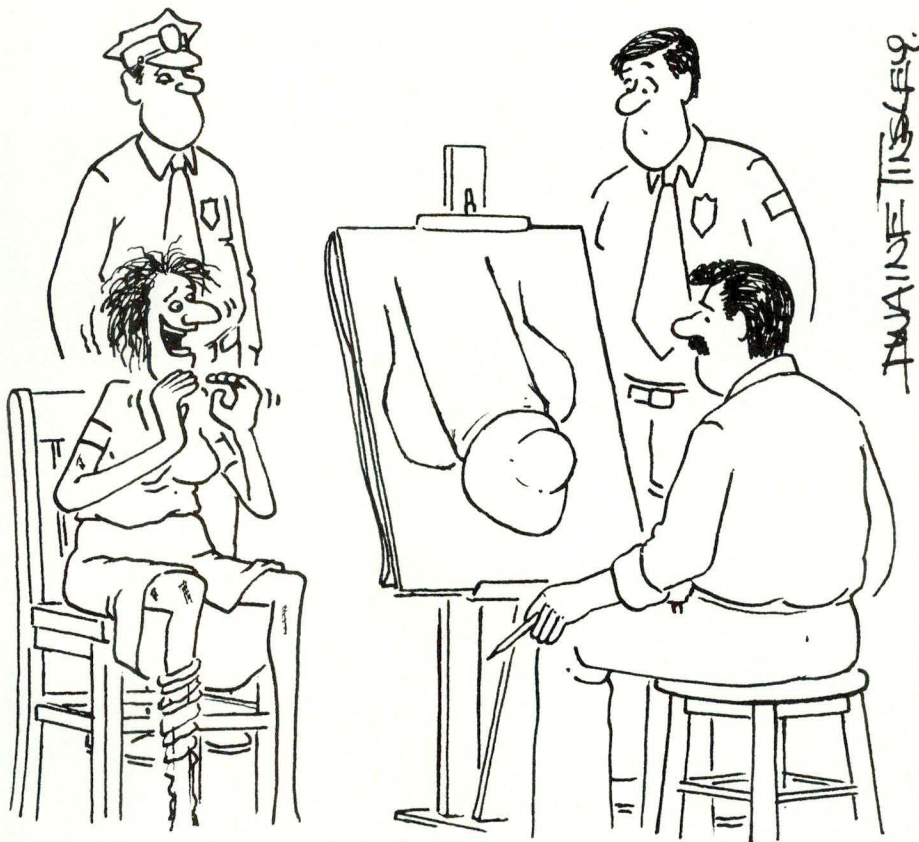
All foreigners also present an even-worse drawback as spies: They rarely have access to classified information. Modern technology—including satellite photography and telemetry monitoring, extremely sensitive airborne listening and tracking stations, and computerized communications interception and analysis—has made the human gathering of low-level intelligence obsolete. Observers no longer monitor troop movements or count railway cars to estimate production. Robot optics and electronics have taken over these functions and perform them far more precisely.

Only high-level personal espionage remains as the province of the agent. The intentions of government leaders, military plans, and the ideas and designs of leading scientists cannot be detected by technological means. These must still be reported by someone with access to the people who know such information or the documents where it is recorded. Just two types of operatives can work effectively in these situations: agents-in-place—citizens of a country who have such access through their positions and can be persuaded to betray their own governments—and sleepers.

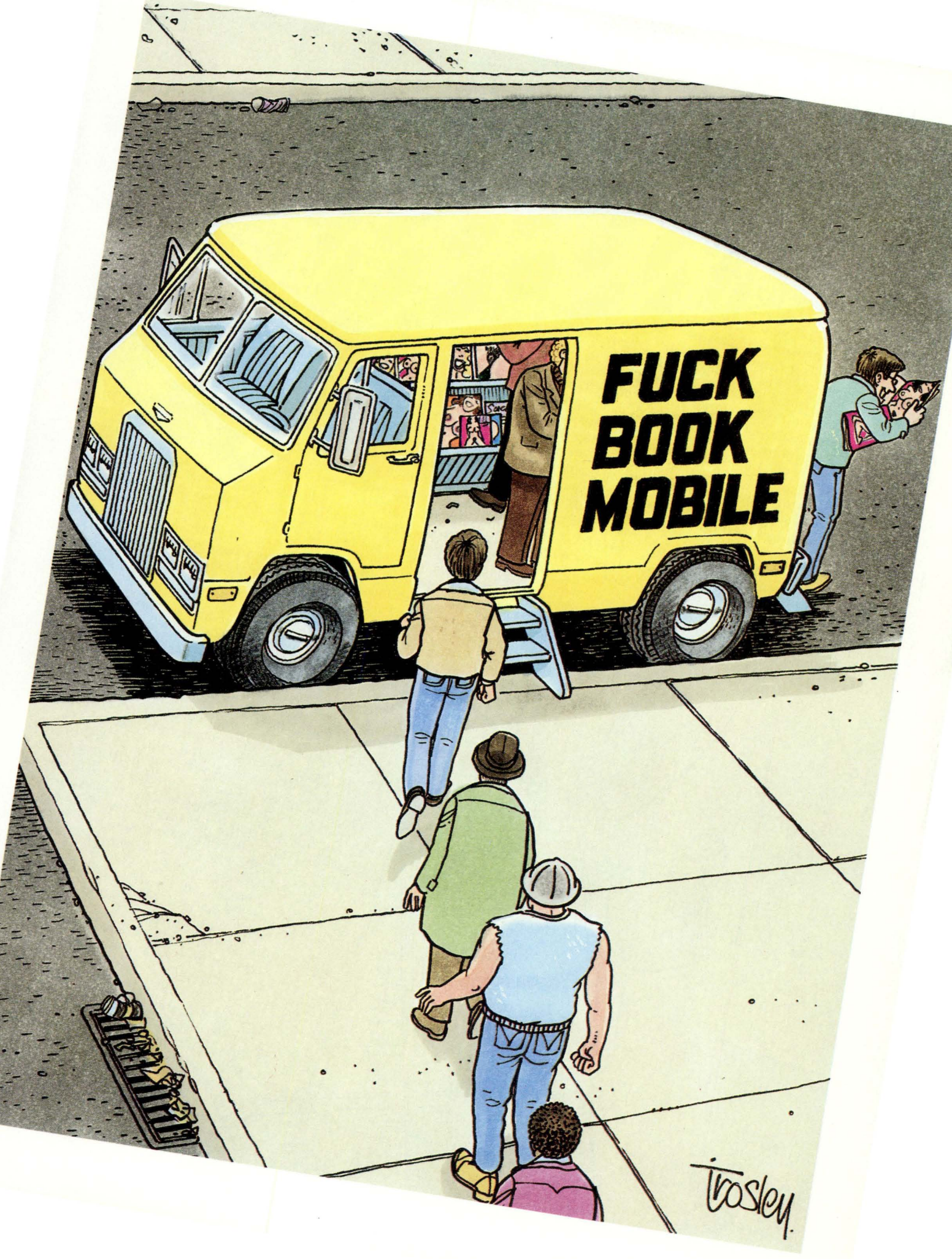
The CIA has been very successful in recruiting Soviets and Eastern Europeans as agents-in-place. America's material wealth and guaranteed personal liberty are powerful incentives for treason. Money and freedom make appealing rewards to citizens of a repressive, economically backward society. The CIA's biggest problem is keeping its agents-in-place long enough for them to be useful. Most want to start living the capitalist dream as soon as they change sides.

For similar reasons the CIA has not done well with sleepers. Americans have little desire to live or work in the Soviet Union. Passing as a native in a paranoid country is extremely difficult. Learning to live in a police state with sealed borders and a closed society is an enormous sacrifice. Few will attempt it, and fewer still succeed.

By contrast, the KGB has no difficulty recruiting sleeper agents among Soviet citizens, and America generally welcomes them. Some, like Daniella, enter the country legally. Although trained in espionage, they have committed no overt acts that would bar them from entry, and they begin work only after arriving. Others make use of our open borders and piecemeal identification systems to establish



"That's it! Except . . . except the rapist's wart was much, much bigger!"



**FUCK
BOOK
MOBILE**

Trosley

COMMUNIST SEX SPIES *(continued from page 52)*

Accents raise no eyebrows in a nation of immigrants, and our open lifestyle lets the agents work almost unimpeded.

themselves and their missions illegally.

Sleepers can travel in America without the restrictions imposed on Soviet-bloc diplomats, nearly all of whom are limited to a 25-mile radius of their assigned installations and the corridor between New York City and Washington, D.C. They can also make contacts and establish relationships without fear of the surveillance that the FBI makes a continual part of every Soviet official's existence. Even their English doesn't need to be perfect, although it often is. Strange accents raise no eyebrows in a nation of immigrants, and our open lifestyle allows the agents to pursue their work almost unimpeded.

The KGB has plenty of trouble, however, keeping its people on the job. America glitters even more brightly at firsthand than when viewed by a sleeper from afar. According to one estimate, less than half the Russian operatives sent to the U.S. keep faith with the Communist cause and attempt to execute their missions. Some defect to the FBI or CIA at the first opportunity. Others simply vanish into the American milieu and make new lives for themselves without ever contacting their comrades or their hosts.

Catching the sleepers that do pursue their objectives is difficult, even though the FBI devotes most of the efforts of its Counterintelligence Division 5 to the task. Sleepers start their assignments with the advantage of anonymity. They aren't linked to the known Soviet intelligence apparatus and, until they do something that brings them to official notice, they remain hidden.

Division 5 agents have uncovered a number of sleepers, but they believe many others continue undetected. There are more than 120,000 Soviet-born aliens in this country. The number of Eastern Europeans—particularly Poles, Hungarians and Czechs—is in the millions. It is impossible to investigate every potential sleeper, although efforts to keep closer tabs on security risks have increased under the Reagan Administration. In some FBI offices the number of agents assigned to counterintelligence matters now exceeds the number working against drug trafficking.

Anyone you know could be a sleeper or the target of one—yourself included—but before developing a case of galloping paranoia, take a moment to review a few

practical ways to determine whether your friends are moonlighting for the KGB—or if you'd even be of interest to the enemy.

- The first question to ask is: Do you or your friends have access to information or people of interest to the Soviets? If not, the KGB won't waste time on you. The Soviets' mission is to collect scientific, military and political data not easily obtained from overt sources. They also like to develop blackmail potential over influential people or those likely to become so in the future. As with their long-term investments in sleeper agents, they're willing to wait years, if necessary, for the dividends. Anyone who fits into any of these categories is a potential target. You might want to answer a few more questions about your close friends, especially those of the opposite sex.

- Did your relationship start in a manner that was too casual, too coincidental or too unusual to be credible?

- Is your partner so fantastic in bed, so willing to satisfy your every desire, that you can hardly believe your luck in finding that person?

- Is the person interested in you or in who and what you know? Are you being used to get to others? When screwing your brains out, have you been spilling secrets from your job? Have you been asked to obtain specific information as a favor? Was it a trade or government secret?

- Could you be blackmailed? Would photos or tapes of your sexual escapades be embarrassing if divulged? Have you made love where you could have been filmed or taped? How would your employer react to such incriminating evidence? Your friends and family? If you're married, your wife or husband?

There's no free lunch in sex or anything else. A relationship that seems too good to be true probably is. If you've come up with a few yes answers, you've probably got at least a first-class gold digger on your hands—and the treasure might be on its way back to the Kremlin. What can you do?

You can cover your ass. Even if you've already handed over some hot documents, you can probably buy your way out of your predicament. Don't make a direct confrontation. Get help. Call the nearest friendly Feds. Tell them how you were deceived, agree to cooperate and ask for immunity in return.

Your predicament will be evaluated, and you'll be told how to proceed. If you get to the authorities before they get to you, you can nearly always cut a deal to get off the hook. It's the sleeper they really want. Otherwise you might end up like Mike Warenski—the engineer who died for a little Polish pussy.



Bill Miller



FIRST THEY LOSE
MY GODDAMN
LUGGAGE AND
NOW THIS!

KUWAIT

I had never been alone with a man before, but I knew that I was not going to be a virgin much longer.

The two men were present for this performance also. After viewing another film and fondling one another again, we had lunch, still without our clothes. I remember I was cold and shivering while I ate, as much from fear as the chill air.

In the afternoon session we were shocked to have the two male instructors order each of us in turn to stand and spread our legs. They then explored our bodies with their hands while the others watched. I was the first to be examined, and I couldn't hold back tears of humiliation as my teacher's fingers penetrated between my thighs. It seemed as if he continued for hours until I thought I would die of shame. Then I had to sit down and watch the others endure similar treatment.

This procedure was repeated for several days by different groups of male and female instructors. After a while it didn't seem embarrassing, and I could endure it without feeling. I actually looked forward to the touch of one of the better-looking men. I always disliked the women, but I became accustomed even to them.

The last man to caress me at one of these sessions was tall and thin with a scar on his face. He looked into my eyes as he reached behind me and lifted me off the floor with one hand on each of my buttocks.

We left the group and went to a private room. He instructed me to undress him. I did so, with my heart pounding and my hands shaking. I had never been alone with a man before, but I knew that I was not going to be a virgin much longer. When he was naked, he told me to rub his penis.

I was terrified and asked him to be gentle with me, but he was very aroused and told me that I should get used to a real man. He pushed me down on the bed and entered me in one hard thrust. I cried, but it made no difference. His penis was so large, I thought he would tear my flesh each time he drove it into me.

After that experience, which I found later had been repeated by an instructor with each girl, we all made love to a man at least once every day. Sometimes we would do so in private or with one or two other couples and sometimes in front of the entire group. We learned to trade partners and practice various positions as freely as we had once read textbooks. Our training soon had the intended effect of hardening us to use our bodies as tools of the state and not to regard sex as anything but a weapon with which to trap an enemy.

When we had become so accustomed to sex that we could have intercourse on a street corner during a parade without blush-

ing or feeling self-conscious, our training was expanded to include the art of seduction. Our first attempts were with secret-police officers playing the roles of foreigners. Our performances were filmed, and we were forced to sit through showings of our most intimate sexual acts while instructors and even our classmates criticized our technique.

After practicing with the secret-police officers, we progressed to strangers who were brought into the hotel as targets for us. Some were foreigners from Eastern-bloc countries. Others were visiting Poles who were accorded special treatment. We were the prizes they won. We were instructed to make their stay memorable and to try to extract as much knowledge from them as we could while making love.

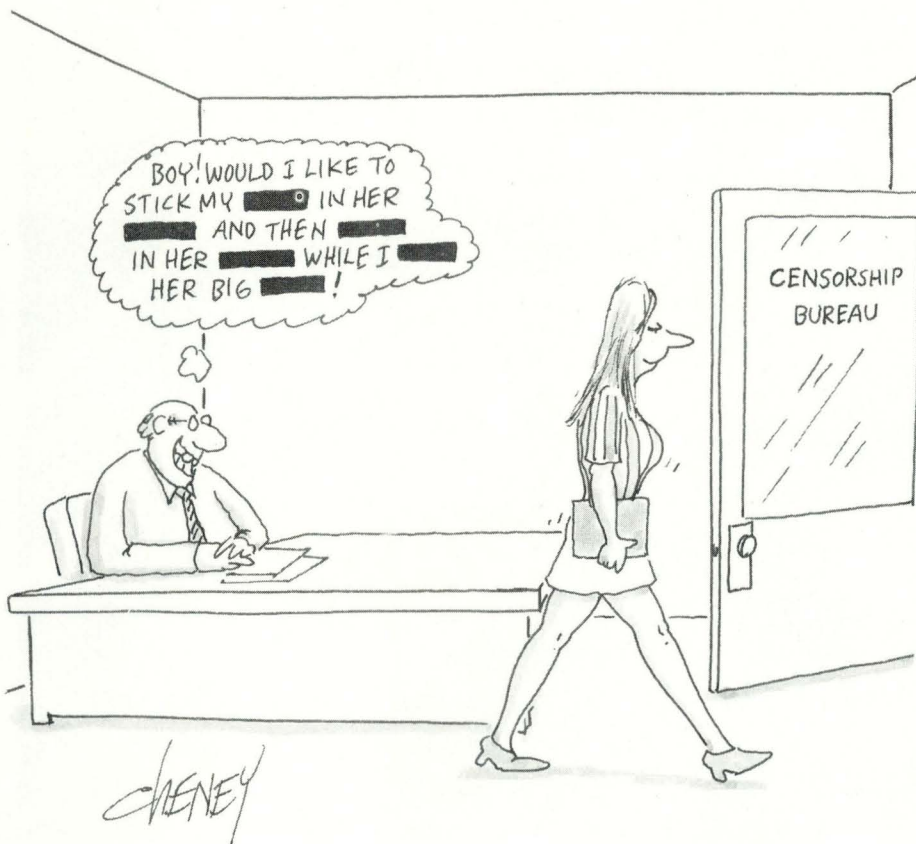
Most of the men were middle-aged and often hard to arouse; so our tasks were not always easy. Occasionally we would get a group of young army officers who were strong and virile. I remember having such passionate sex with some of them that I forgot my duty to ask questions. When the films were shown, I was reprimanded for enjoying myself, but I didn't care.

Our final examination consisted of actually seducing a Westerner visiting Poland. To do this we were placed as guests or maids in several of Warsaw's hotels for foreigners. Each of us was given a target and told to seduce him. The men selected were merely tourists with no known value for intelligence, but they gave us real experience working against an enemy.

I was assigned as a maid. My guest target was a West German businessman who was young and fair-looking. He was an easy mark. I simply entered his room when I heard him using the shower and waited until he came out of the bathroom. He was wearing nothing at all, and he stopped when he saw me standing with a tray in my hands. I pretended to be embarrassed, but made no move to leave.

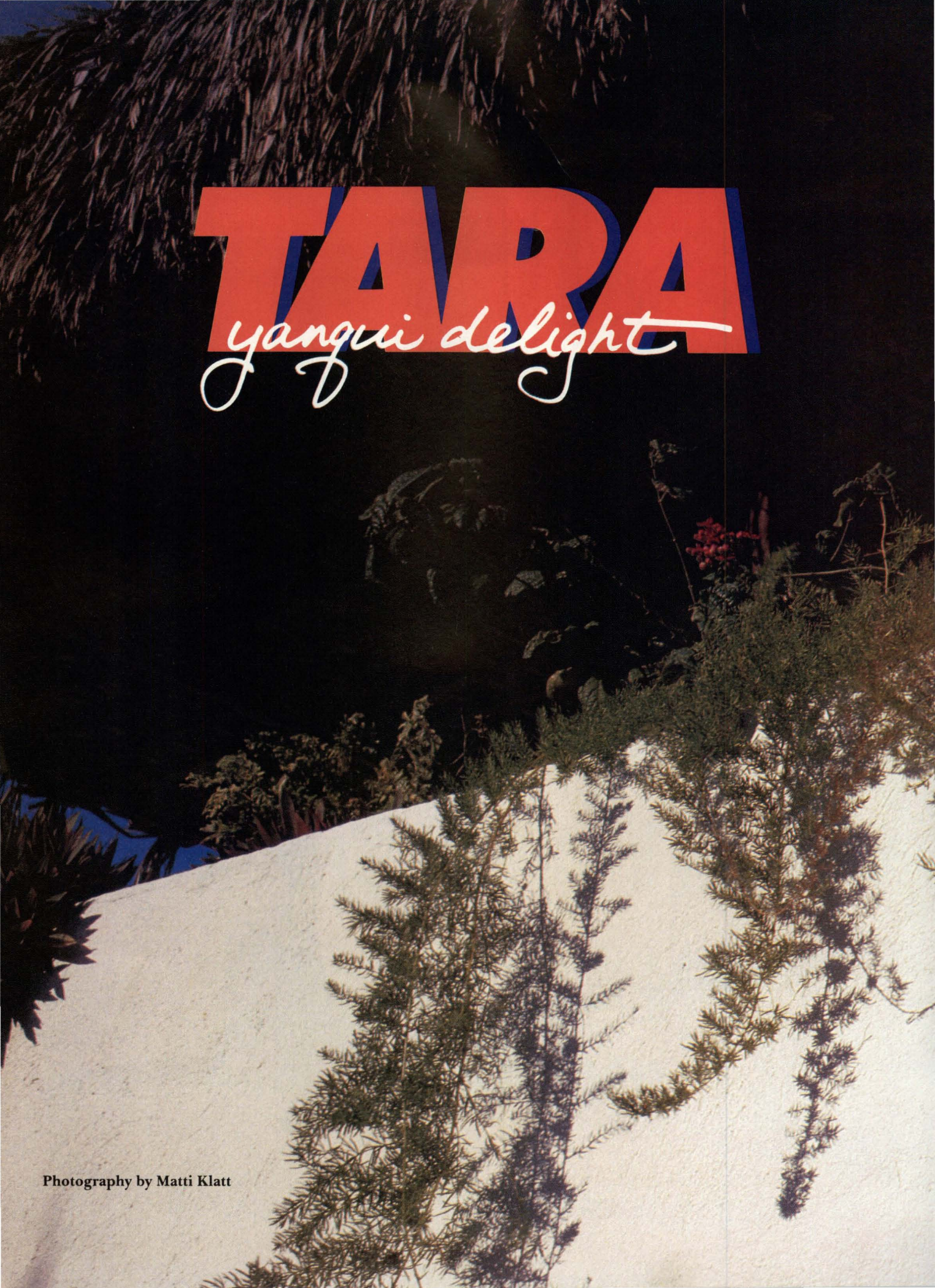
He finally came up to me, took the tray and set it on the table. He asked if I were part of the hotel's hospitality service, and I simply took his penis in my hands and began to stroke him. Having sex was easy, but I had some difficulty keeping him on the bed where the cameras were focused. He wanted me to bend over the table while he took me from behind. I complied with the German's preference and then persuaded him to come to me again where our actions could be recorded.

When the film of this encounter was reviewed, I was praised for my ingenuity in getting my target to compromise himself without suspecting he was being observed. I was informed that I was now ready for assignment to an actual operation. I felt ready for my work. I was still confident that I was in the service of a just cause and that my work was a necessary part of the class struggle. Only later did I realize what they had made of me.





"Great news, boss! We got the defense contract!"


The background of the entire page is a photograph. At the top, there is a dark, thatched roof of a building. Below it, a white, textured wall or fence runs diagonally across the frame. To the right of the wall, there are various green plants, including a prominent one with fine, needle-like leaves in the foreground. The lighting suggests a bright, sunny day, with strong shadows cast on the white surface.

TARA

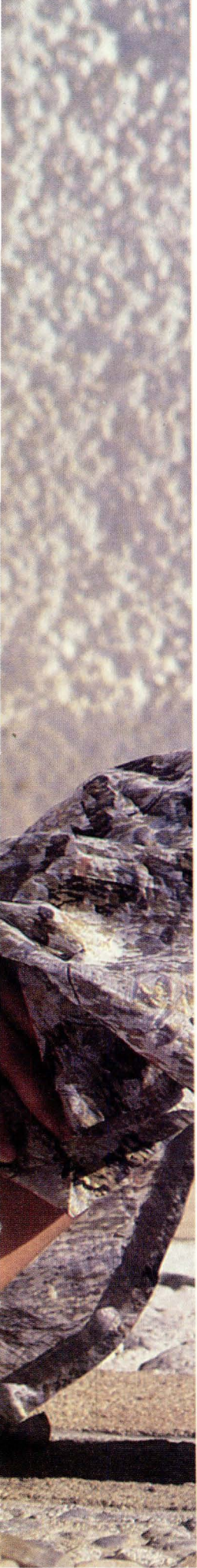
yangui delight

Photography by Matti Klatt





On the sunny shores of Baja, California, tawny Tara turns on the heat. "I love to get away from it all," purrs this Kansas City secretary. So far she's found her Mexican hosts to be extraordinarily friendly. "I was drinking margaritas in a little cafe the other night, and I guess I must have had a few too many. Next thing I knew, this handsome young stud was offering me a ride back to my hotel. He didn't speak a word of English, but he quickly made his intentions clear—first in the front seat of his old Chevy, then out on the beach. The sand was still warm, and it tickled my ass when he pounded his cock into me. I haven't seen him since, but that's a fucking I won't forget!" And how can we ever forget Tara, a lady with whom any vacation is a trip to paradise?















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HUSTLER HUMOR

A Marine walked into a hotel bar with his pet frog and ordered a beer. He poured a little of the brew into a bottle cap for the frog, and they both proceeded to drink. Soon a beautiful blonde came into the place and saw them imbibing together.

"Why, isn't that the most amazing thing," she cried, "a Marine and a frog drinking beer?!"

The Leatherneck turned to her and said, "You ain't seen nothing yet. He also eats pussy." The woman was skeptical at first, but she gave him her room number and said she'd meet them both in half an hour.

When they arrived, the Marine and his frog entered the room and discovered the blonde naked and lying spread-eagled on the bed. He placed the frog between her legs and said to it, "Go ahead, eat her pussy." The frog didn't move.

"Goddammit, frog," the Marine exclaimed in exasperation, "am I going to have to show you how to eat pussy *again*?!"

Question: What's the fastest land animal?

Answer: An Ethiopian chicken.

On holiday in Cuba a Scotsman pining for a shot of his national drink went into a liquor store to buy some. There he saw three Cubans with bushy beards and large cigars sticking out of their mouths, ordering 15 bottles of vodka and a dozen boxes of the finest stogies. Then the proprietor presented them with the bill.

"Hey," they exclaimed in unison, "we don't pay! We're Castro men."

The owner smiled meekly and told them they could have the goods for nothing. Observing it all, the Scot figured it was a grand opportunity to get himself a free drink; so he ordered a case of scotch and 25 cartons of cigarettes. The storekeeper immediately gave him the bill.

"Oh, no!" cried the Scotty. "I'm a Castro man!"

"Who says?" argued the owner. "I know Castro men when I see them. They all have beards and huge cigars."

The Scot stepped back and lifted his kilt. "Would you believe I'm with the secret police?" he asked.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a sexual feast as: a smorgasborgasm.

A struggling woman reporter was assigned to write an exposé on the state mental hospital, but the staff wouldn't cooperate with her. So she snuck into one of the wards to interview some patients.

The first one she came across was standing by his bed and swinging an imaginary baseball bat. When she asked what he was doing, the man replied, "I'm not going to be here forever, you know. I'm practicing to be a ballplayer."

The journalist shook her head and moved on until she saw another patient pantomiming a tennis game. She asked him what he was doing, and the man answered, "I'm in training to be a great tennis player. I'm not going to be here forever."

Since she was not getting very far in her investigation, the reporter decided to leave the asylum. Just then she noticed a door slightly ajar. Peeking into the room, she saw a man lying on a bed with a very large hard-on, placing peanuts on the tip of his cock and then whacking off vigorously.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed, rushing into the room.

"I'm fucking nuts, lady," the inmate replied, "and I'm never getting out of here."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *fruit roll-up* as: Boy George in a sleeping bag.

A father asked his young son if he knew about the birds and the bees. "I don't want to know!" the boy exploded, bursting into tears. Confused, his father asked the youngster what was wrong.

"Oh, Pop," the boy sobbed, "for me there was no Santa Claus at age six, no Easter Bunny at seven, no Tooth Fairy at eight and no stork at ten. And if you're telling me now that grownups don't really fuck, I've got nothing left to believe in!"

Question: What do you get when you put a Cabbage Patch doll in a blender?

Answer: Coleslaw kids.

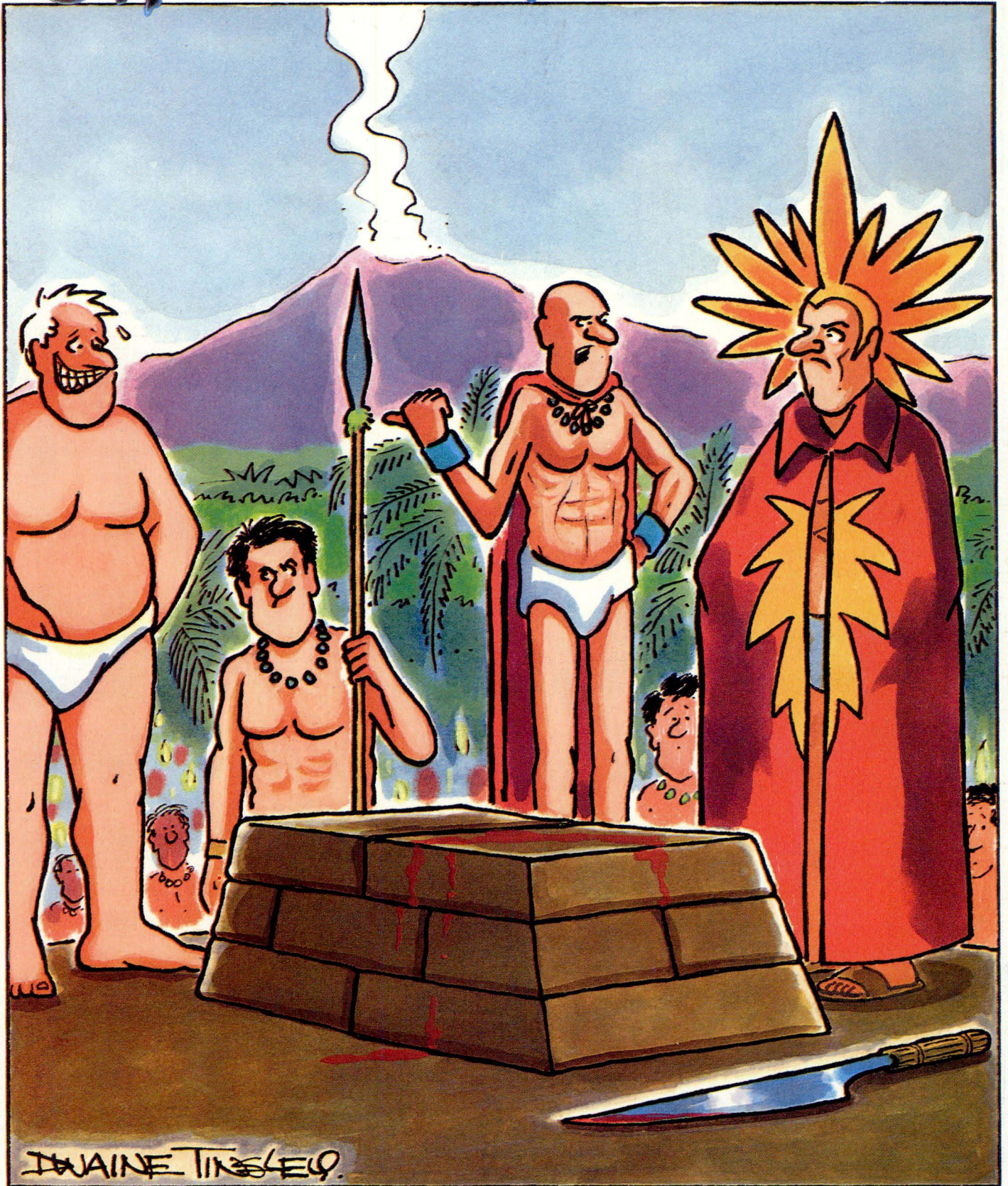
Two young women were on their way to Miami as part of a group tour. Upon their arrival, the two travelers discovered that they were expected to share a hotel room that had only one double bed—and neither of the girls knew the other was a lesbian.

That night after they retired, one of the women rolled over and said to her companion, "Let me be frank."

"No," exclaimed the second girl, "let *me* be Frank; you can be Billy!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester



IWAINE TINSLEY

"Thanks to him, we've got no virgins left to sacrifice!"



DEATH OPERATING

Your Money...Your



Frank M. glanced down after flushing the office urinal and felt his heart nearly stop. The swirling water was a sickly pink color; a small drop of bloody tissue oozed from the tip of his penis. *Easy now*, he cautioned himself, *there could be any number of reasons for this*. But Frank's mind kept focusing on just one explanation: cancer.

It wasn't long before tests confirmed his fears. Worse yet, Frank's bladder lesions were of a particularly dangerous variety. Doctors insisted that there wasn't a moment to waste.

Within a week of that fateful trip to the men's room the Jackson, New Jersey, resident had an operation, underwent chemotherapy and was scheduled for radiation treatment. Doctors conceded that there would be side effects—some of them serious—but they also stressed the fact that he had no choice. It was do or die.

Frank died anyway, five

IN THE ROOM

Life...or Both

Report by Steve Salerno

CENTRAL HOSPITAL	
Costs for Coronary Bypass	
Surgery	\$47,000
Anesthesiology	4,100
ICU	8,250
CCU	2,320
Room	7,500
Nurse	880
Medication	395
You Pay	\$70,445

OPERATING ROOM (continued from page 75)

The patients were deprived of alternate treatments that might have protected their health, savings and sanity.

years after his cancer was diagnosed. During that time he was seldom at peace. Barely had the sutures from one operation healed than doctors would order another. His bladder was removed; he had to urinate into a bag attached to his hip. A biopsy procedure to check a suspicious growth cut some of the nerves in his groin, making him impotent. Still more surgery robbed him of much of the strength and feeling in his legs.

Meanwhile, the powerful cobalt radiation had permanently fried his insides, leaving his bowel habits unpredictable and embarrassing. His hair fell out from the chemotherapy. He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep. His mental faculties grew duller, and he was plagued by sudden memory lapses and temper tantrums.

It was during his final stay at the hospital, when some sixth sense told him the end was near, that Frank asked if—in retrospect—there might have been a better plan of treatment. "No," the doctor replied, his ego somewhat pierced. "We gave you all that medicine has to offer."

One week later the patient was dead. The cause? A massive white-cell break-

down brought on by a potent chemotherapy drug. In light of everything, Frank's family saw his death as a blessing.

* * *

On a chilly Phoenix morning late last April, Bruno R. awoke to a severe squeezing sensation smack in the center of his chest. The significance of the odd pain was not lost on the building contractor, who'd been a cardiac patient for some time. His doctor had already warned him that it was foolish to put off the bypass surgery made necessary by blockages in two of his coronary arteries.

Nevertheless, Bruno had postponed the operation. He knew that some 30% of bypass patients never make it off the operating table. Of the survivors, 40% to 70%—depending on whose statistics you believe—have to have a second bypass operation within two or three years.

It was hard for Bruno to accept that there was no form of treatment offering better odds. But that's exactly the picture his cardiologist painted. And on that cool morning when he finally suffered his heart attack, the doctor wasted no time in getting him into the operating room.

A team of surgeons sliced open Bruno's chest and proceeded to perform a rare quintuple bypass. Five separate arteries were lopped out and replaced with veins grafted from other parts of the patient's body.

When Bruno left the hospital in early August—after being handed an itemized bill for almost \$80,000—he was hardly better than when he'd arrived. He felt listless and disoriented. The vague tightness in his chest had never completely disappeared.

Today, 18 months later, Bruno is back in intensive care after suffering what was termed a "cardiac event." The prognosis is not good. His ability to withstand a second round of open-heart surgery is doubtful.

Adding insult to injury is the fact that two collection agencies are hounding Bruno's wife for the balance of the original bill not covered by insurance.

* * *

The illnesses may differ, but Frank M. and Bruno R. had several things in common. Both were very sick. They trusted the medical profession to help. And they spent a fortune for what was presented as state-of-the-art medical care.

More important, they were deprived of alternatives that might have protected their health, savings, sanity and happiness. For it is a sad fact that in today's America the medical establishment would have you die before it would have you get well through a form of treatment from which it can't profit. Some of the most powerful organizations in the Free World have a vested interest in your death or disability. The result is an industrywide conspiracy to promote the medical profession's livelihood, not yours.

The conspiracy may be formal, as happens when drug companies seek to keep their profits high, or informal, as in the case of governing agencies who receive bad information from doctors seeking to prevent their own obsolescence. Either way you lose.

Thus, people like Bruno R. are not told about *chelation therapy*, a nonsurgical technique that has cleansed the arteries of thousands of folks who were fortunate enough to stumble upon it. Cancer victims like Frank M. are denied any chance of relief from the awful treatments that make their existence a living hell.

What follows is an in-depth look at how and why the medical establishment has gone about depriving you of therapies that may one day save your life.

* * *

HEART TROUBLE: John R., a 69-year-old Santa Ana, California, retiree with a bad heart, is given almost no chance of survival. With nothing to lose, he tries a new medical procedure and is now "in





"Look, Willy-Little Norma's been named V.D. Poster Child of the Year!"

OPERATING ROOM (continued from page 76)

"Somebody walks in, and the bastards say, 'Let's slap him on the table, and we got another 25 or 50 grand.'"

better shape than most 40-year-olds," according to his doctor. Roland H., a younger man with a clogged circulatory system, is told that he must have his foot amputated below his ankle in order to stall the spread of gangrene; the California resident hears about a revolutionary form of intravenous treatment, which he tries, and saves the foot.

The lifesaving difference for both of these men was chelation therapy. Its advocates say the novel technique cleanses the entire bloodstream by circulating a drug known as EDTA through the body. Molecules of calcium, the basic ingredient in arterial blockages, bond to the EDTA and are carried harmlessly out of the body through the urine.

"I can't say enough about it," enthuses John R. "The doctors at the hospital basically sent me home to die. They told me there was nothing else they could do for me. Then I heard about chelation, and it changed my life."

John explains that before he went for the intravenous treatments, which are given three or four times a week for an indefinite period, he could "barely walk

five steps." Now, after several dozen chelations, he says he is in top shape.

"I'd rather take my chances with chelation than bypass surgery any day," says Dr. Norman Beals, a West Coast chelation pioneer. "First of all it treats the whole body. Bypass surgery, if you live through it and if it's successful—and those are two big ifs—only treats the heart. I can't tell you how many people who've had bypass surgery come to me complaining of pains in the legs and other circulation problems surgeons can't help them with."

Then why isn't chelation therapy a household word?

"For the answers to that, you have to look to the interests of the medical establishment," says another California physician who performs chelation. "As far as the surgeons are concerned, with 70% of them it comes down to a fast buck. Somebody walks in with chest pains, and the bastards say, 'Let's slap him on the table, and we got another 25 or 50 grand.'"

Beals adds, "If a hospital puts up a new wing for cardiac care that cost them multimillion dollars, do you think they're about to come out in favor of a treatment

that might dry up three-quarters of those revenues? Not a chance."

Others who favor chelation mention the tremendous investment the drug industry has in existing cardiac medications. "What's Searle going to do with all those shelves full of blood thinner if chelation comes into vogue?" says one of them. (G. D. Searle & Company is a major pharmaceutical firm.)

The official line from the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) is that chelation is unproven because there have been no hospital studies confirming its effectiveness against arteriosclerosis—the abnormal hardening of the arteries. But simultaneously, the FDA opposes the research it claims it needs in order to consider EDTA for approval. For chelation's boosters this is a frustrating Catch-22 situation. On the one hand, the FDA says it can't approve the drug without studies—yet how can the drug's value be proven if formal studies are prohibited?

According to the FDA, such testing would be dangerous because EDTA is toxic, but this argument seemingly ignores the fact that the drug is already in use—and has been, without apparent ill effect, for the past 30 years—as a means of combating lead poisoning. In fact, EDTA was long ago approved by the FDA for that purpose.

"I wish the FDA would make up its mind," says Beals. "If a drug is toxic, then it is toxic, period. . . . What the hell difference should it make what it's used for?" Beals answers his own question, charging that the crucial difference is that using the drug to cure lead poisoning doesn't take business away from surgeons, whereas using it as an alternative to traditional heart treatment does.

Perhaps the FDA would have a more open-minded attitude toward chelation if the major pharmaceutical manufacturers took up the cause—after all, you'd think they'd love to come up with a "new" wonder drug.

Once again money is the villain. Pharmaceutical firms are unimpressed by EDTA because the patent on it expired in the mid-'60s. Today the approval process necessary for FDA certification can easily cost \$30 million or more. No drug company wants to underwrite that size project for a medication that's in the public domain—a substance that can't be protected against patent infringement.

Of course, the drug companies won't tell you that. Their reason for resisting further development of EDTA is the concern about possible side effects. This is hard to swallow, since the list of dangerous chemical agents approved by the FDA under heavy pressure from drug-industry giants is already long and dis-

(continued on page 88)



DAVIDE TINSLEY



"Back off or the Polack gets it!"

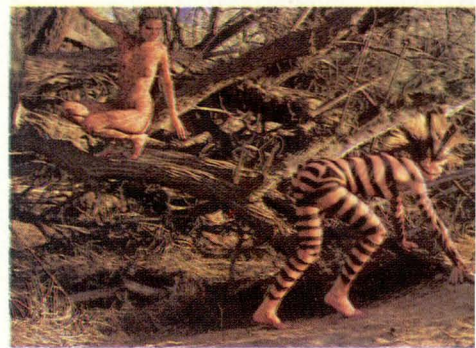


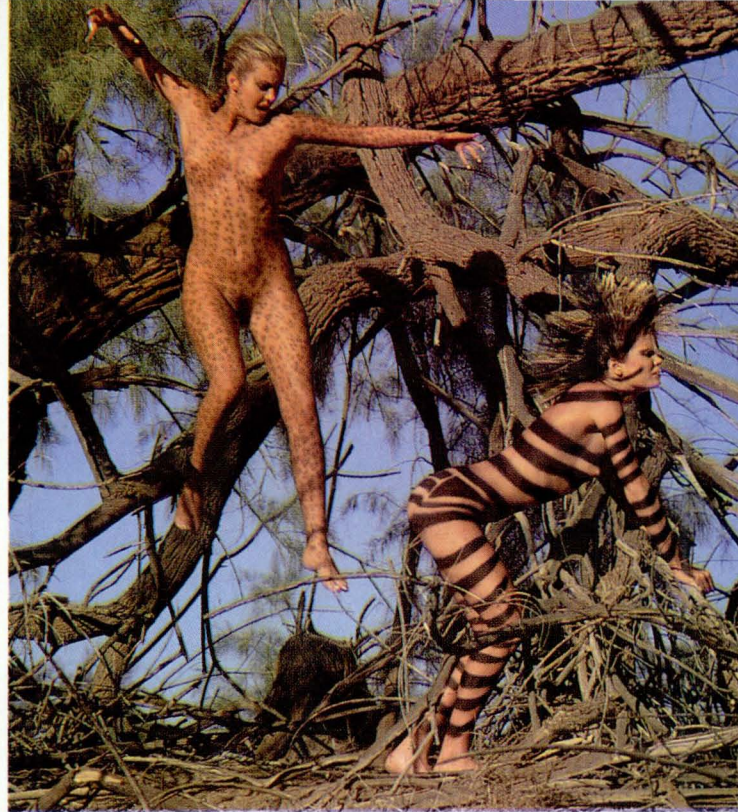
**LUST IN
THE**



Photography by Clive McLean

JUNGLE





S talking her prey, the leopard cautiously prepares to move in for the kill. But when she strikes, the scent of a female in heat arouses a different kind of hunger. Shortly, these jungle creatures are driven by primitive desires they can barely understand.



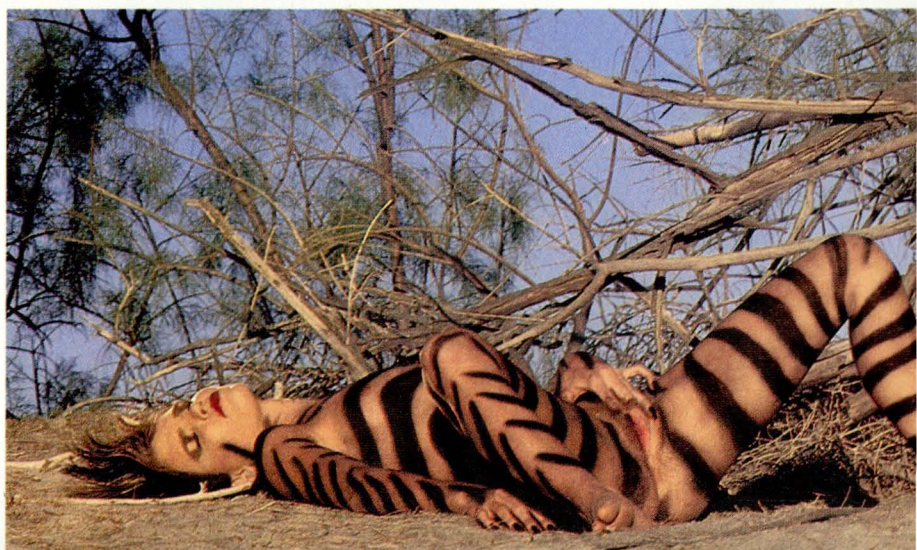


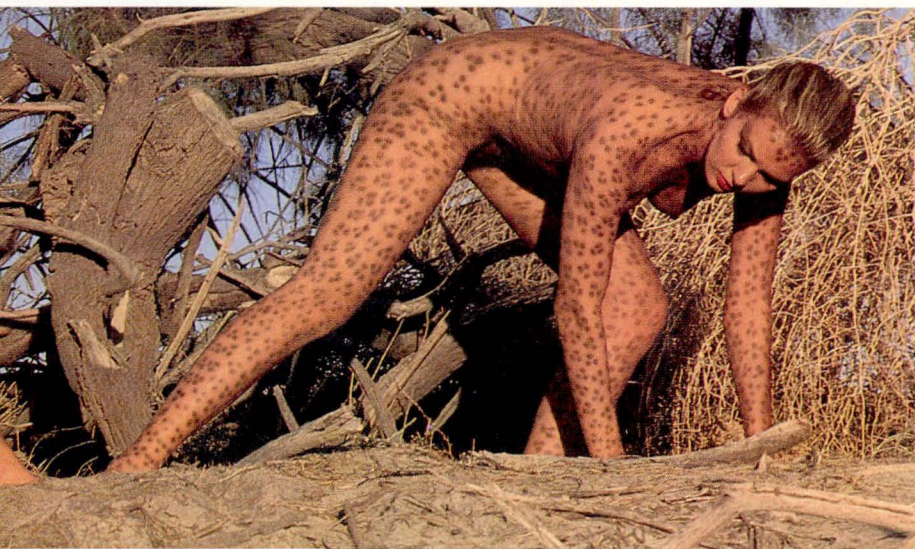






Growling and biting, the leopard and zebra writhe against each other as flexing claws stroke matted fur. Then, consumed by the ecstasy of their mating, they part. But even in the boundless jungle they're destined to meet again.





OPERATING ROOM *(continued from page 78)*

The FDA relies for many of its rulings on data supplied by a given drug's manufacturer.

turbing. Here are three recent cases:

- Based on Eli Lilly & Company's hype for Oralflex, a supposed miracle cure for arthritis, doctors wrote more than a quarter of a million prescriptions for it in June 1982. Only after an alarming number of deaths did it come to light that the medication had been approved despite questionable testing procedures.

- Similarly, the FDA rushed approval of the controversial Cyclosporine (cutting the process from two years to nine months) even though it is known to damage heart muscle in the long run. The swift approval came after the FDA was wooed by both the drug's manufacturer, Sandoz Inc., and various groups representing surgeons. The doctors got involved because Cyclosporine prevents the body from rejecting foreign tissue, and thus it would allow for a dramatic increase in the number of transplant operations—not to mention the increase in surgeons' paychecks. (A single liver transplant can cost an average of \$100,000.)

- The Cyclosporine controversy came on the heels of an indictment stemming from allegations of hanky-panky in the

approval of DMSO, the "miracle" solvent that has been widely hailed as a cure-all for a number of old-age problems. The indictment charged an FDA medical officer with accepting hush money from a pharmaceutical-company official who knew of DMSO's dangerous side effects. In addition, the case featured a clear conflict of interest; the researcher who had been entrusted with evaluating the substance also happened to be on the board of directors of the drug company.

The DMSO scandal, in particular, points up one of the weakest facets of the drug-certification system now in use. The FDA relies for many of its rulings on data supplied by the very people who have the most to gain from a given drug's approval—its manufacturers. Thus, there is always the temptation to "color" the information given the FDA.

This problem received national attention last August, when a design engineer for Pfizer Inc. accused the company of soft-pedaling lethal defects in its artificial heart valves. Within a month his story was echoed by the firm's former quality-control manager. It seems that Pfizer

knew of faulty welds and other serious problems early in the product's approval process. Nonetheless, the report the FDA finally saw minimized the risks.

Says Beals, "No matter how you slice it, when the industry wants something approved, it gets approved. When it wants something rejected, it gets rejected. It's very tough to fight the system."

Even if chelation therapy eventually clears the FDA, Beals notes a bigger hurdle to contend with: the insurance industry. Although the FDA is officially empowered to decide whether a given procedure is safe, it is probably the insurance companies that have the final say over whether that procedure reaches the masses. The reason is simple enough: If insurers choose not to reimburse policyholders for something, then people won't have that something done.

Beals says this is especially significant in the case of chelation. He claims that investigators hired by an association of chelating physicians found that the boards of governors of some major insurance firms and the boards of directors of some major pharmaceutical companies share a number of common members. "That's a sensitive area," he says, because of pending litigation. But he expects "a lot of things to come out of this in the future."

Chelation's supporters hope it will be the near future. For while an estimated 200 doctors flout the FDA ban (and report startlingly positive results), the vast majority of physicians continue to play by the establishment's rules. In 1984 upward of 200,000 people went under the knife for bypass surgery at "state-of-the-art" hospitals across America, spending an estimated \$3 billion. And many of them never again saw the light of day.

* * *

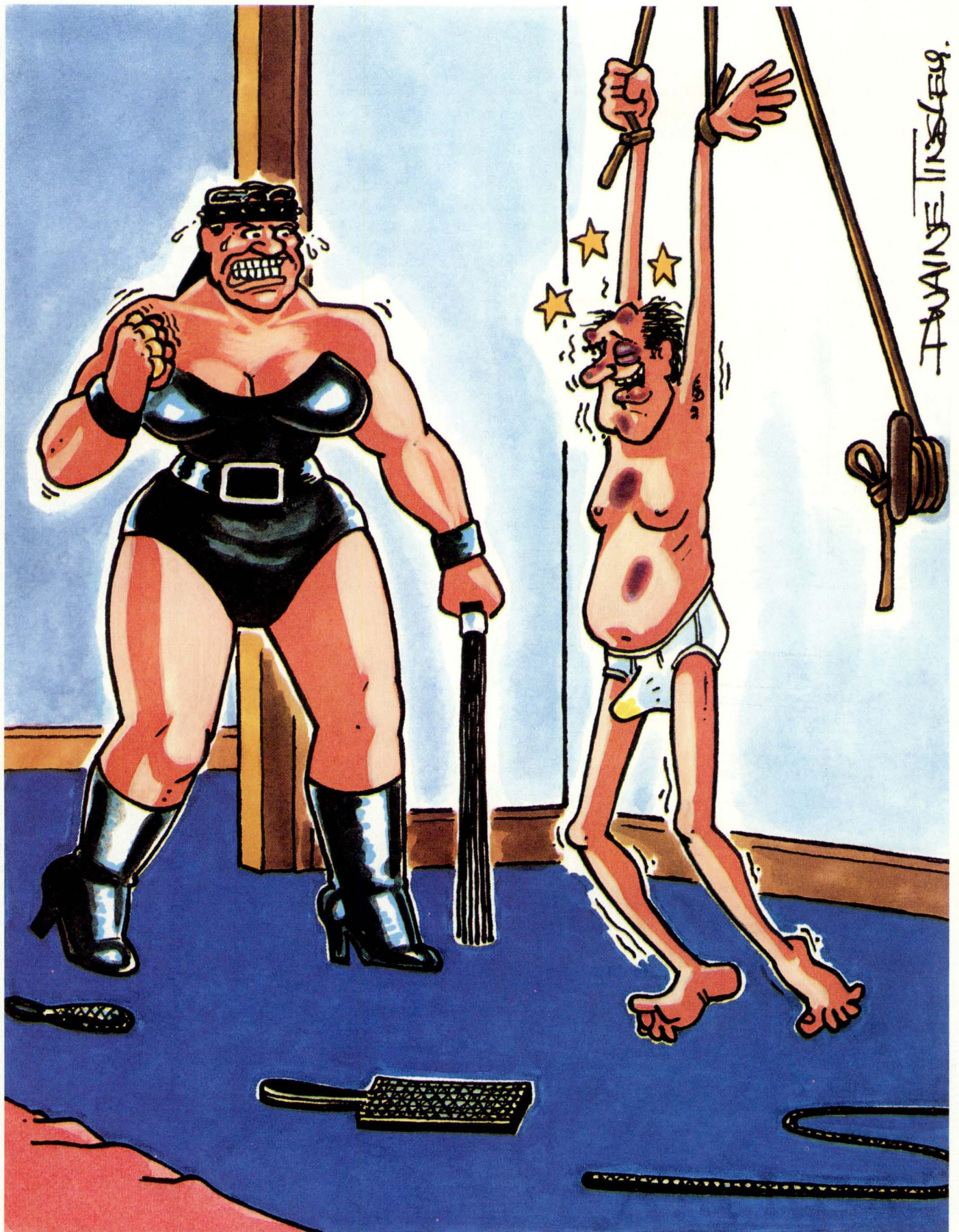
CANCER: Cancer is the number-two killer of Americans over age 50. For nearly 20 years the American medical community has relied on a three-pronged attack against the dread disease: (1) surgery, in which the original tumor is cut out; (2) radiation treatment, intended to kill potentially dangerous cells surrounding the tumor; and (3) chemotherapy, whereby toxic chemicals are injected into the bloodstream in the hopes of killing renegade cells that may have spread throughout the body.

Surgery may be performed without the subsequent use of either radiation or chemotherapy, but the latter two treatments are *almost never used without surgery having been done first*. And that may well be the key to understanding the establishment's approach to "curing" cancer.

"Cutting surgery out of the picture cuts out too much of the revenue that surgeons have come to expect," says a West Coast doctor who wishes to remain



"Sorry, kid, I'm gonna have to take you out!"



"I think you're beautiful when you're angry!"

The medical establishment has long attempted to frustrate researchers with novel approaches to preventing cancer.

anonymous. "So the cancer movement tends to focus primarily on 'break-throughs' that revolve around the use of surgery in some form."

This analysis may explain what happened to Laetrile, a proposed anticancer chemical found in apricot pits. Although studies performed in the '70s did not bear out the miracle-cure claims made by Laetrile's advocates, many still argue that the drug was doomed from the start by its sheer simplicity: Here was a naturally occurring, nonsurgical substance that could be administered by just about anyone. Had it gained acceptance, countless surgeons, clinics and pharmaceutical companies might have been put into the red.

Laetrile's boosters claim that because of such "drawbacks," it wasn't given a fair chance. They say tests were set up in such a way as to guarantee failure. Certainly, the researchers administering some of those tests didn't even pretend to be objective.

For example, spokesmen for the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) admitted in 1980 that the univer-

sity's test was being done essentially to get the public off its back. Rod Kramer, director of public education, said that none of the doctors involved had any faith in Laetrile. Critics insist that either intentionally or otherwise, such negative thinking is bound to creep into the testing procedure—particularly the evaluation of results.

Even those who concede that Laetrile has not lived up to early expectations wonder why the establishment finds it so hard to let go of other drugs that have been equally disappointing. Interferon keeps being resurrected in study after study despite its terrible track record in the most tightly controlled tests. Could it be because Interferon is intended to be used in combination with surgery, whereas Laetrile would replace surgery? Some observers think so.

Then there is the question of chemotherapy's hazards. If you undergo chemotherapy with a drug like Methotrexate, you can almost expect to suffer Frank M.'s symptoms, plus a host of others. Methotrexate has been linked directly to bone disorders, as well as liver failure,

anemia and leukemia. A study quoted by *Science* magazine says that on occasion the drug may actually *cause* tumors. And it is not uncommon for patients on Methotrexate to suffer a total collapse of the immune system, resulting in an AIDS-like death in a matter of days or weeks.

Then there's Adriamycin. According to a recent report, this drug is "one of the most widely used cancer weapons in the physician's arsenal"—in spite of the fact that *it is already known* to cause serious heart impairment in the average patient. So potent is Adriamycin that irreversible cardiac damage can occur with dosages as small as three-tenths of an ounce.

How can the FDA defend these proven killers while simultaneously banning other medications—such as those used in chelation—whose risks are only suspected? Part of the problem is that even well-meaning cancer experts oppose any proposed cures that come from outside the cancer-research community.

"There's a lot of jealousy in this movement," says a New York researcher affiliated with the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. "You'd think that everybody would be pulling in the same direction, but unfortunately it's not so. You're dealing with people who've got tremendous egos, credentials and careers on the line. Nobody wants to be upstaged."

In *The Apocalypstics*, author Edith Efron demonstrates how the powers-that-be go to great lengths to ensure that their views reach the widest audience. Along the way they suppress some of the facts and distort a good many of the others. And the public only hears what the establishment wants heard.

Toward that end the cancer establishment is quick to downplay the need for revolutionary forms of cancer therapy. Rather, the emphasis is always on the progress that has been made against the disease through conventional means. "We're saving thousands of lives today that weren't saved 20 years ago," says Vincent DeVita Jr. of the National Cancer Institute (NCI), the cancer establishment's most vocal cheerleading group. "To me that's pretty damn exciting."

But there's good reason to doubt such optimism. For one thing, a growing suspicion exists that NCI has done some strange manipulations with the statistics that supposedly document the progress quoted by the medical community. John C. Bailar, statistical analyst for the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, worries that many of those figures are "rubber numbers" that lead to faulty conclusions about the success of standard cancer "cures." Another authority likened the establishment's figures to the

(continued on page 102)



"Your dog wasn't constipated. He had this here report card stuffed up his ass!"



MUSCLE BITCH



BY CHUCK LANE

Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. *HUSTLER* will pay \$250 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Let me tell you, I was desperate. Here I was in the prime of my life and getting laid about as often as Mother Teresa. My problem, you see, was my scrawny build. I'm not the kind of guy a woman would consider a hunk; so I've never done well with the ladies. But one day a local fitness center offered a free one-day trial, and I decided that some strenuous workouts might make me more desirable to the opposite sex—and what a great place to meet hot chicks!

When I got there, most of the men were muscle-bound bodybuilders who looked as if they lived in a gymnasium. But, oh, the girls! Tall, luscious blondes; short, tightly muscled Orientals; long-legged black beauties... every type of female imaginable, and all in terrific shape.

One of the women in particular caught my eye. She was enormous, as big and strong as any guy in the place. There wasn't an ounce of fat on her—just muscle from head to toe. Her face, however, was beautiful, an exotic blend of foreign features, high-sweeping cheekbones, dark, deep-set eyes and short jet-black hair. With her well-developed breasts straining against a tight white T-shirt, she looked like a cross between Nastassja Kinski and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

"Who's that?" I asked the guy working the front desk.

"Sonya Piskova," he replied. "She runs the place. They say she can crack a coconut between her thighs." I believed him.

Then Sonya, in a pronounced Eastern European accent, gave everyone a rundown on the facilities. She set each device

at the highest level of difficulty, strapped herself in and began effortlessly pressing the steel bars, lifting the leg weights and going through a variety of painful-looking contortions. The state-of-the-art equipment looked more like instruments of torture than exercise machinery.

As for me, I could barely budge the machines at the lowest level of difficulty. While I struggled at one of them, I became aware that Sonya was watching my efforts. "You need a lot of work," she remarked, a look of scorn on her face.

Humiliated, I went to the front desk, where they were holding my gym bag with my street clothes in it. I didn't plan on returning. When I got to the counter, though, Sonya came up behind me.

"I didn't think your things would be safe here," she told me. "So I locked them up in my office. But you're going to have to wait until after I am finished with my demonstration."

I was baffled. The woman obviously had her eyes on me from the moment I entered the club. But why? I had no choice but to wait around. By the time she came back and escorted me into her office, the club was closing for the night. She tossed my gym bag at me with such force, it knocked the wind out of me. As I left the office, she eyed me in a way that made me feel like a real 98-pound weakling.

Once I got to the locker room, I quickly removed my gym clothes and was buttoning my shirt when I heard Sonya's voice

(continued on page 109)



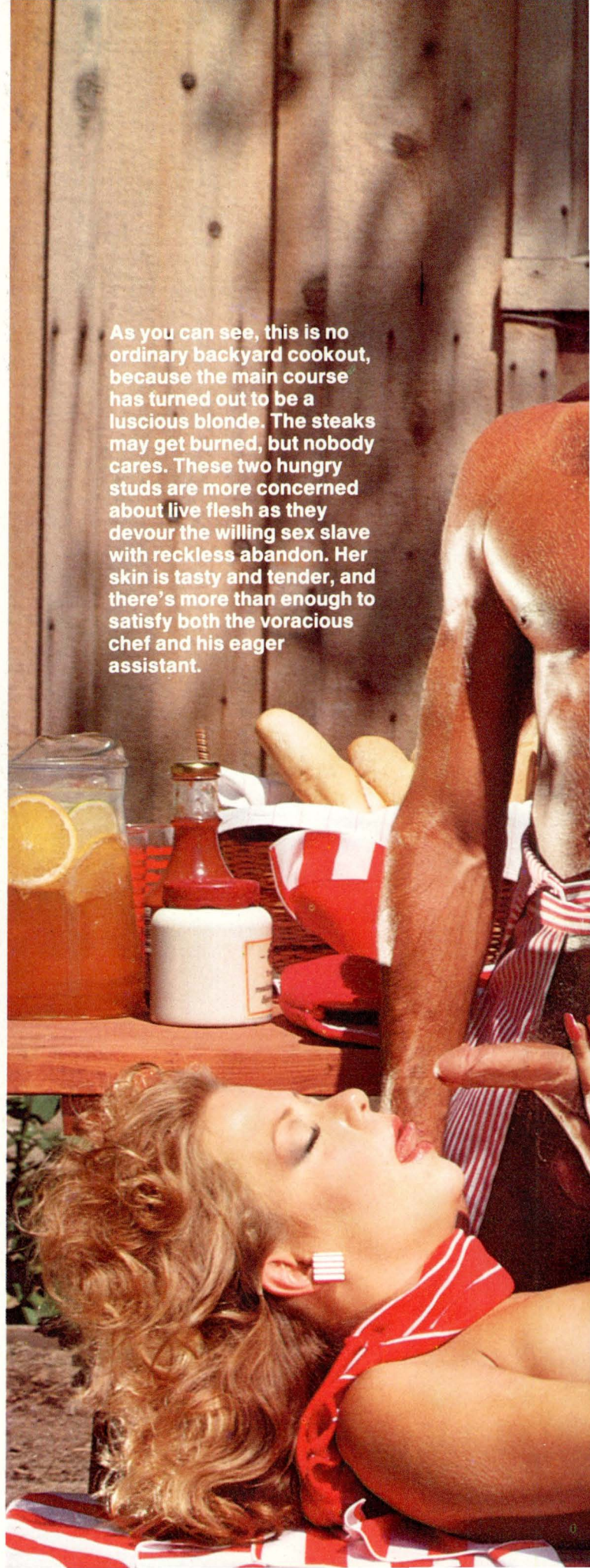
A photograph of a man and a woman in a romantic pose at a picnic table. The woman, with blonde curly hair, is wearing a red one-shoulder top and white shorts, sitting on a wooden bench. The man, with short grey hair, is shirtless and wearing white briefs, leaning in to kiss her. On the table, there is a large pitcher of orange juice with a straw, a plate of food, and a glass. The background is a rustic wooden wall. The title 'Bare Ass Bar-B-Q' is overlaid in the top right, with 'Bare Ass' in yellow script and 'Bar-B-Q' in large red block letters. Above the text are icons of a fork and a grill basket.

Bare Ass **Bar-B-Q**

Photography by Clive McLean



As you can see, this is no ordinary backyard cookout, because the main course has turned out to be a luscious blonde. The steaks may get burned, but nobody cares. These two hungry studs are more concerned about live flesh as they devour the willing sex slave with reckless abandon. Her skin is tasty and tender, and there's more than enough to satisfy both the voracious chef and his eager assistant.

















HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

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OPERATING ROOM

(continued from page 90)

daily body counts obtained from questionable administration sources during the Vietnam era: "They come up with statistics that don't add up."

Other experts cast a wary eye at even the most modest gains in the much-touted five-year survival rate, the yardstick by which the overall progress of the anticancer movement is judged. The feeling is that any increase may be a myth resulting from nothing more than improvements in detecting cancer. Because of better screening procedures, lumps are being found earlier, but the patients are not necessarily living any longer than they would have in years gone by.

"All that has happened is that the survival clock is being started sooner," says Dr. Haydn Bush, who runs a cancer-study center in London, Ontario. Whereas today's woman might have the lump in her breast discovered at age 35, ten years ago a similar woman would not have had her cancer detected until age 37. If each woman eventually dies at 41, the first qualifies as a "survivor," while the second does not. Needless to say, both of them wind up just as dead.

Statistical discrepancies are important, for it is those numbers on which family doctors rely in making decisions about which forms of therapy to try. You could literally wind up the victim of a bunch of phoned figures.

Not just that, but stressing artificially inflated cure rates diverts attention away from the need for cancer prevention. The better we're doing at treating the disease, NCI's attitude seems to say, the less we need to worry about preventing it.

The medical establishment has long attempted to frustrate the efforts of pioneering researchers with novel approaches to preventing cancer. Even a Nobel Prize winner can be made to feel like a quack. Linus Pauling, who won the Nobel for chemistry in 1954, came to NCI for funding to test his theories about vitamin C's usefulness in combating tumors. Pauling had to make seven pleas before the organization decided, in the words of one NCI official, to "put some money behind" Pauling's "wild" idea. Insiders suggested NCI was interested less in Pauling's theories than in quelling the media pressure that had built up steadily in the wake of the scientist's public statements.

"They are definitely more oriented toward treatment than prevention," says a California nutritionist who claims to have had his own run-ins with NCI. "First of all, treatment is more glamorous. It gives a doctor the opportunity to be the white knight riding in to save the poor maiden

in distress. There's no big drama to prevention. And there's much less money for everybody."

Only half in jest, he concludes, "The only way to stimulate real interest in prevention among surgeons is if you let them bill for the operations made unnecessary by preventive measures."

This disinterest in cancer prevention—especially where money enters the picture—extends to the highest levels of American government. Under heavy pressure from farming and manufacturing interests, the Reagan Administration recently relaxed its guidelines on environmental carcinogens like formaldehyde and pesticides. Congressman Albert Gore, chairman of the House science subcommittee, called the Reagan decision a "crass, calculated" change in policy. Gore went on to say that the move would "probably result in hundreds of thousands of additional deaths attributed to cancer."

But perhaps the most telling commentary on the Administration's attitude toward public health may be found in the President's eating habits, as reported not long ago by *Mother Jones* magazine. First a bit of background.


Despite the fact that nutritionists have long considered steroids to be cancer-causing substances, the FDA still permits their use by cattle growers, right up to the moment the animal is slaughtered. One major steroid, Synovex, was declared a carcinogen in 1979, but the FDA recently reversed itself solely on the basis of "new information" supplied by—of all people—the drug's manufacturer.

According to *Mother Jones*, the steroid situation is a result of Reagan's sympathies for the West's powerful cattle ranchers, who say they need the steroids to fatten up their steers. The kicker is that although Reagan apparently feels that steroid-laden beef is safe enough for American consumers, he has his own beef grown for him and his family by his personal butcher—without steroids.

* * *

The bottom line is that a treatment which may make as much as three-quarters of all heart surgeries unnecessary is suppressed, and every attempt to take a revolutionary approach to curing cancer is frustrated because of the scalpel-happy conservatism of organizations like the AMA.

"These are not terrible people," says Dr. Beals. "It's just that they're businessmen, and like all businessmen, they do what's best for business."

Sickeningly, you can't always trust the medical profession to do the right thing. To paraphrase the old expression: What your doctor doesn't know or won't say can kill you. 

Beaver Hunt

While you're feasting your eyes on this bevy of beauties from across the country, don't forget that the next *Beaver Hunt* is just around the corner. If you know a young lady willing to bare it all, she could win \$100 and a place in the select company of Beavers.

Send those entries (preferably more than one color photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. (All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.) Use the model release on page 102 or a facsimile, and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the \$100.



Photo by Ed



"I'd love to meet a man who's versatile enough to fulfill all my sexual desires," says 19-year-old Melissa. "Everything from romantic nights to wild and kinky nights—someone with a real sense of adventure!" A Las Vegas secretary, Melissa dreams of becoming a porn star.

Photo by Friend



Dee, 20, is an Oswego, Illinois, horse trainer who enjoys art and obviously doesn't mind displaying it on her body. She's torn over what her favorite fantasy is: either making love to Robert Redford or screwing on horseback (preferably without falling off).

Nikki, 40, is a "self-employed degenerate" from Loveland, Ohio, whose fantasy is to make love in public. And she'd love to go through life in the nude.



Photo by Fiance

Eighteen-year-old Leah is a nursing student from College Park, Georgia, who wants to help her husband get another girl off-or another guy, for that matter. She's into dancing and nude sunbathing.



Little Dawn of North Little Rock, Arkansas, is a 24-year-old housewife who loves singing and dancing. She dreams of making love to her husband while others look on.

Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband



Twenty-nine-year-old Louann is a Florida housewife who likes swimming and fishing. She says her husband has fulfilled all her sexual fantasies except one—"and that's to be a nude model in a magazine." Glad we could oblige.

Photo by Husband



Sexy J. D., 22, is the pride of Anderson, Indiana. A mother of five, she keeps in shape by swimming and skating. Her fantasy is to have passionate sex with her husband on a beach at night.

Photo by Husband



Maureen, 35, a homemaker from New York, enjoys camping and nude sunbathing. She has already fulfilled one erotic fantasy by stripping onstage in a theater full of men. Now she'd like to be seduced by a handsome, silent stranger.



Photo by Friend

Luscious Lauren, a 23-year-old Michigan student who moonlights as an exotic dancer, is into hot-and-heavy 69s and threesomes. Lauren says that her "sexual experiences just keep getting better."



Photo by Friend



Lisa is a Dayton, Ohio, dancer and stripper. She digs horseback riding and partying and wants to make love to two go-go boys or Van Halen's David Lee Roth, whoever comes first.



Photo by Friend

Robyn, 21, is a housewife from Taft, California. Apparently, we have satisfied her greatest sexual fantasy by making her a HUSTLER Beaver. And no wonder she's in such fine condition. Her hobbies are "gymnastics and screwing."



Photo by Husband



Megan, 24, is a cook from Carmel, California. She likes riding and drawing, and she dreams of seducing Bill Murray.

One for the Ladies

Photo by Sister

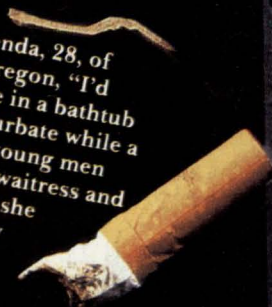


Strapping Tom P., 22, is a Lincoln Park, Michigan, truck driver. His fantasy is to have sex with our own Dear Granny while riding his motorcycle. How flattering.

Photo by Husband



Says Brenda, 28, of Bend, Oregon, "I'd love to lie in a bathtub and masturbate while a group of young men watch." A waitress and housewife, she likes to play indoor sports.

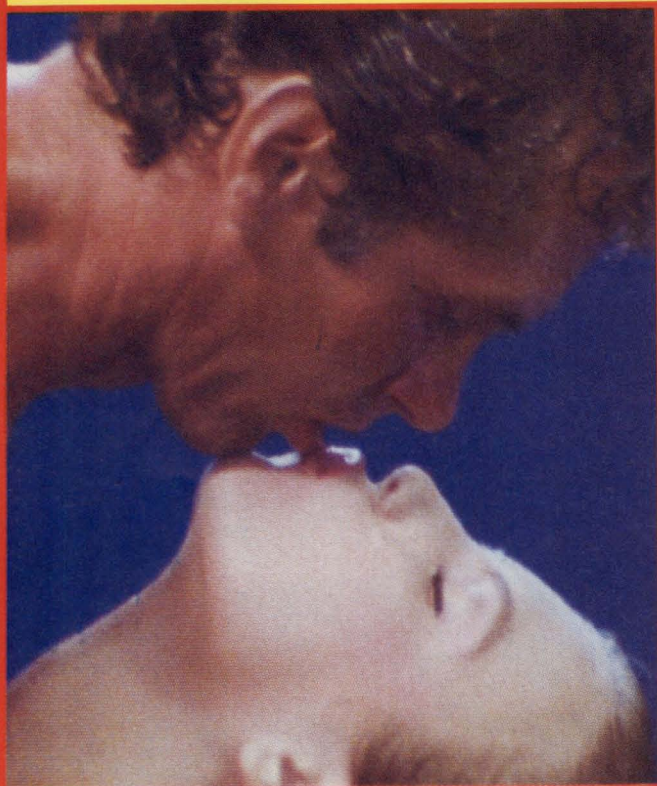


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KINKY KORNER

(continued from page 91)

behind me. "What the hell do you think you're doing?!" she shouted.

I whirled around, astonished, holding my shirt down to conceal my cock.

"Don't you know there are personal-hygiene laws in this state?" she asked. "You must shower before you leave."

I nodded stupidly. Grabbing a towel, I slipped past her and stepped into a shower stall. To my surprise she followed me.

The combination of the warm water and steady gaze of an amazing-looking woman aroused me. I did my best to conceal my rising erection, but she'd have none of that. "Turn around!" she barked.

When I did so, I thought I saw a brief look of appreciation in her eyes. Despite my physique, I'm pretty well-endowed.

"Hmmm, you're already showing some development," Sonya remarked thoughtfully, looking at my crotch. With that she stepped into the spray and seized my rigid prick with a viselike grip.

"I'm glad you've got *one* muscle that's working," she said, giving my penis a yank and forcing me to follow her out of the shower. I nearly lost my balance but feared that if I fell, she'd just keep on walking and pull my cock out at the roots. Holding it like a bridle, she led me to the now-deserted weight room and over to a machine I hadn't seen before.

"This is my sexerciser," she said with a leer, slamming me down onto the padded seat. "Now I'm going to give you a real workout." Soon my wrists were secured in straps attached to the overhead bar.

The exotic Amazon stepped back to survey her handiwork, then peeled off her wet clothes. My eyes bulged, and my dick felt like a crowbar as I admired her perfectly sculpted breasts and a neatly trimmed triangle of pubic hair.

"You scrawny types drive me crazy," she whispered. "I can control you. I could eat you for dinner . . . better yet, you eat me." Twisting a lever, she cranked the seat around so that I was flat on my back, my dork sticking up like a telephone pole. Sonya threw a powerful leg over me and straddled my chest, edging forward to position her sopping love tunnel above my mouth.

I thought her juicy muff would suffocate me, but I did my best to satisfy her, grinding my tongue over her swollen clitoris. The more excited she became, the tighter she clamped her thighs against the sides of my head. I thought she was going to crush my skull like a coconut.

As she continued writhing on my face, I could hear her low moans turning into shrieks of ecstasy. Savagely she worked her way back down my body and impaled herself on my throbbing prick. Much to

my delight she had complete mastery over her incredibly adept vaginal muscles, and once she tightened those pussy walls around my cock, I wasn't in a health club anymore. I was in heaven.

While Sonya gyrated her hips, she leaned forward so I could lick her succulent breasts. Suddenly, the bench began to vibrate. What was she up to? It bent upward, just above my ass, then flattened out again. This happened slowly at first, but as Sonya adjusted the controls, I found myself bucking up and down with such force that I was afraid my back would break. She was riding me like a mechanical bull, gripping the bars on either side of the machine for support!

Despite the pain, the situation was unbearably exciting, and I knew it wouldn't be long before I shot my load. Sonya seemed to sense that and, just as my balls were about to explode, she dismounted me and shut off the machine.

"You bitch!" I cried. "You can't do this to me!"

She laughed. "So at last you're acting like a man, huh? Come on then—let's see you try and stop me."

With that she unbound my wrists, and I dragged her down onto the floor. Totally obsessed, I easily overpowered her. As her taut nipples teased my aching balls, I thrust my cock between her heaving breasts, fingering the nipples as I

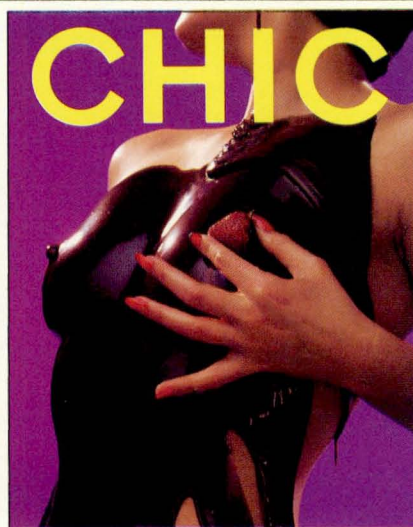
pumped in and out of the firm flesh. Within moments I came, blasting a geyser of hot jism over her pecs and face. She lapped up my cum, muttering, "This is real health food." But I wasn't done with her yet.

"Suck me, bitch!" I commanded, and she expertly wrapped her lips around my soft tool, working her way around the tip, then up and down the shaft, sucking like a vacuum cleaner. While she pushed her tongue into my peehole, I came again, and she swallowed every drop. But when she started biting my cock, I rolled away, cupping my hands over my privates. She was on me at once and had my neck pinched in a vicious headlock with one arm twisted painfully behind my back.

"There's only one reason I didn't break you in half like a toothpick," she hissed in my ear. "And that's because I like you." She then gave me a quick, surprisingly gentle kiss and ran off.

I lay there exhausted before limping off to shower and then going home. I spent the next few days debating whether to return to the club. I wasn't sure I could survive another experience like that, but I couldn't get her out of my mind.

I work out at the gym several nights a week now. My muscles bulge, and I feel 100% healthier. Sonya even comes over to help me do workouts at home, but that's a different story. . . .



★ CHIC's spectacular May '85 issue is filled with some of the hottest pictorials ever. First, a perky pair of pingpong buffs find out that playing the game isn't nearly as much fun as playing with each other. Then you'll meet Eleanor, a beautiful and horny young heiress who is looking for the man of her dreams. Finally, a sun-baked beauty and her boyfriend enjoy an afternoon making love on a beach—and in the surf.

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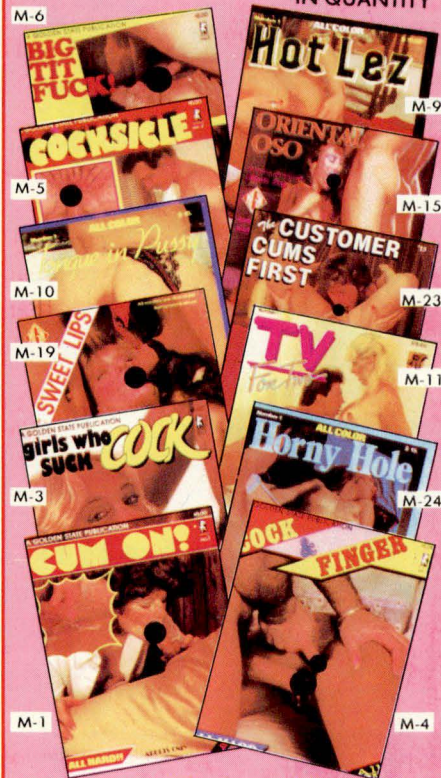
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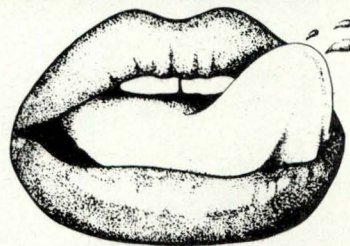


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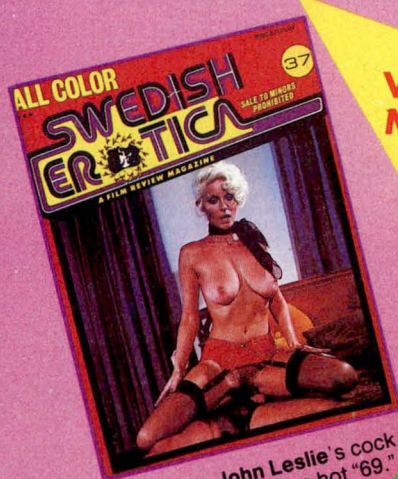
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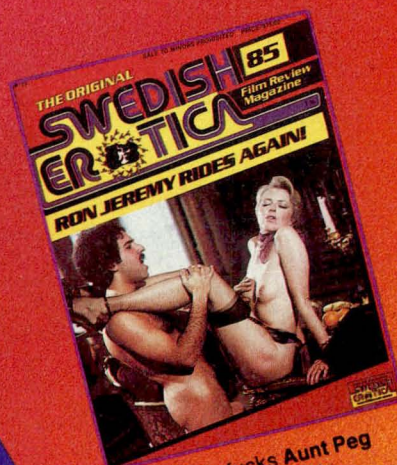
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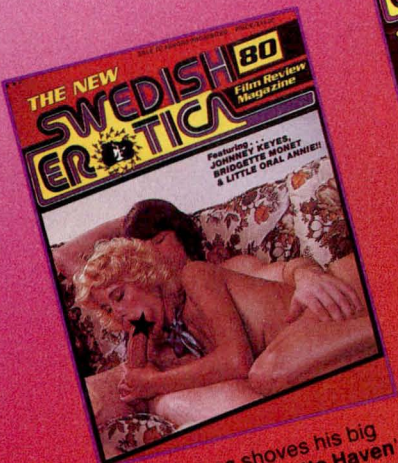


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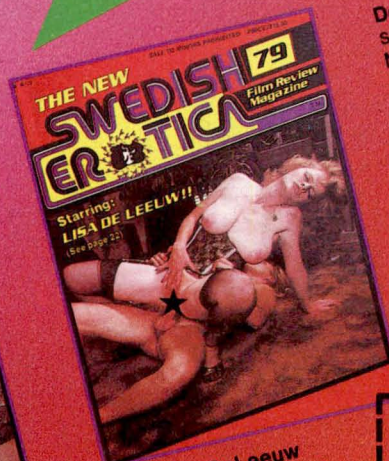


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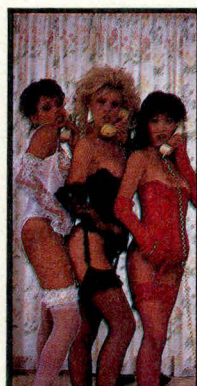
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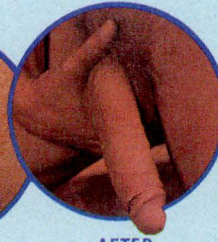
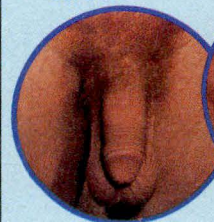
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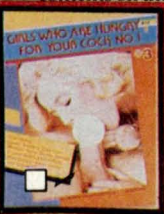
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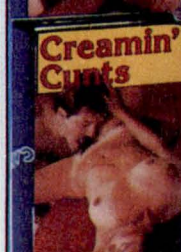
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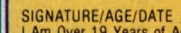
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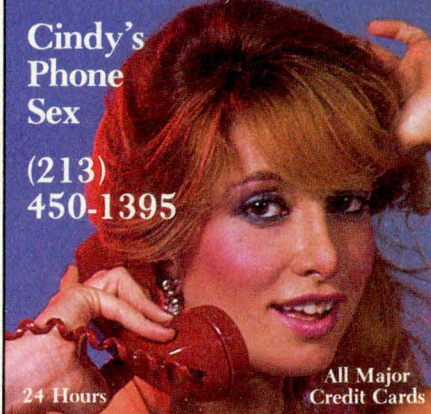
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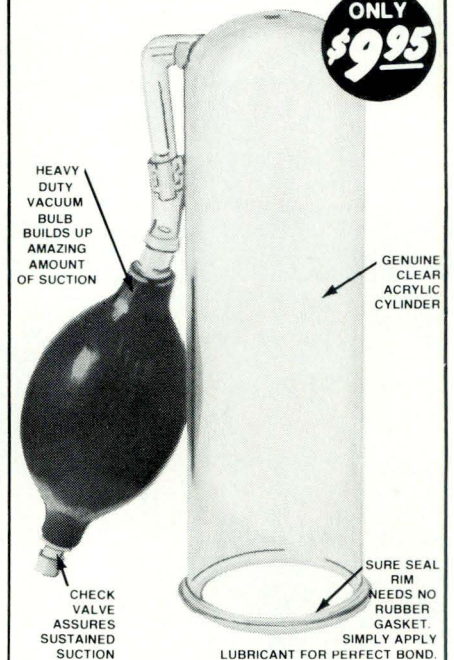
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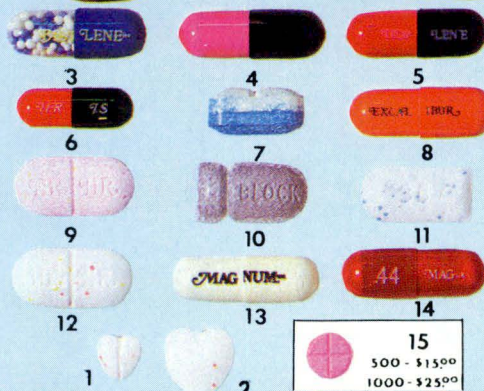
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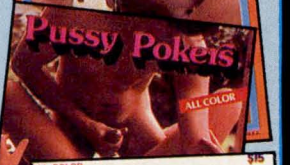
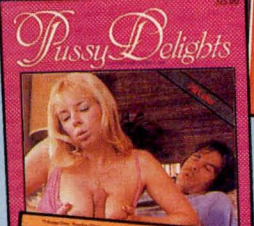
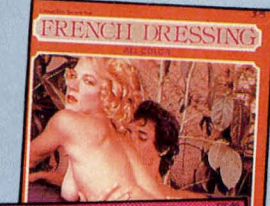
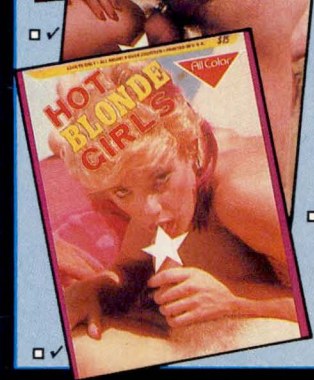
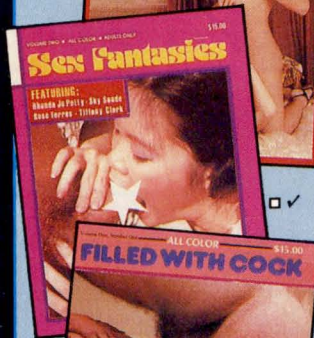
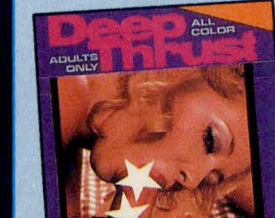
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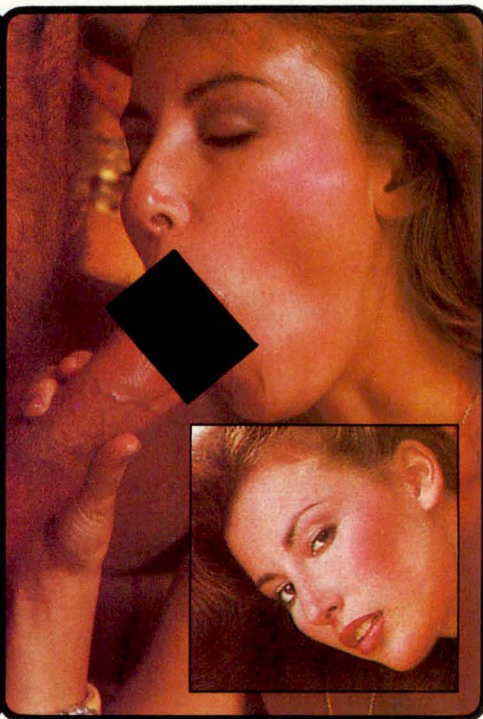
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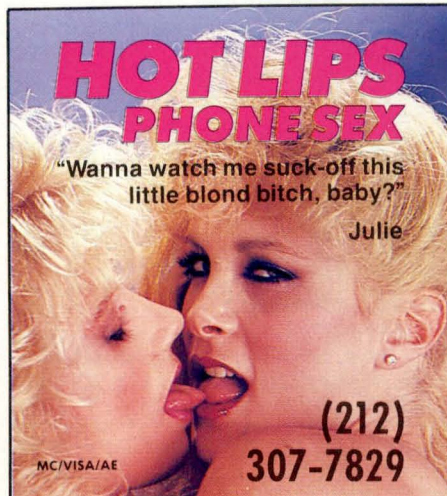
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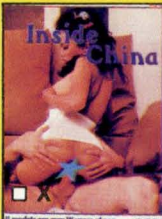
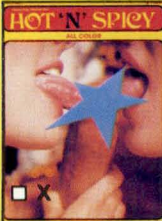
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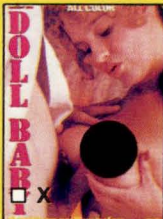
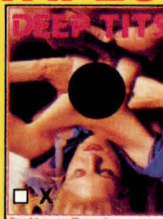
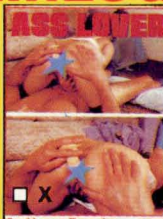
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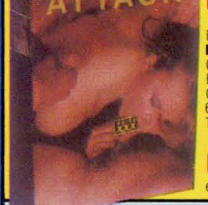
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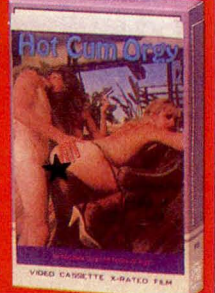
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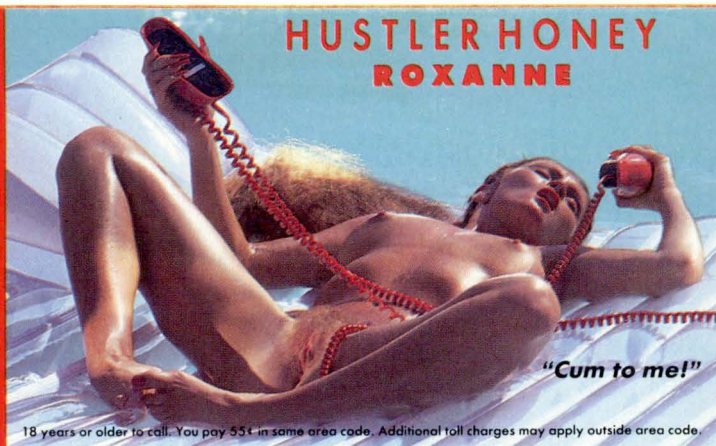
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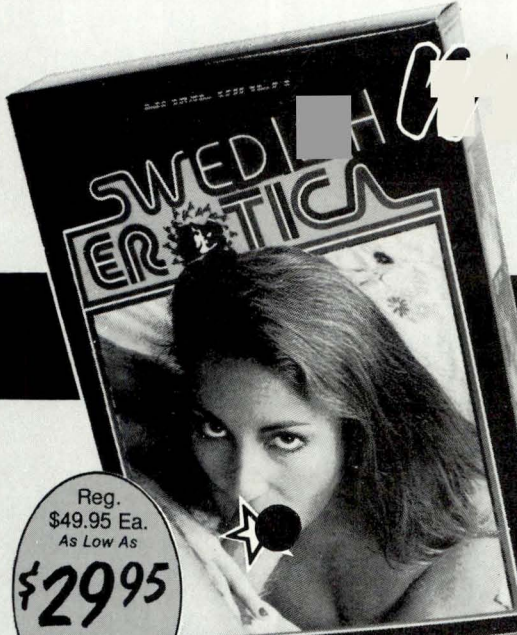
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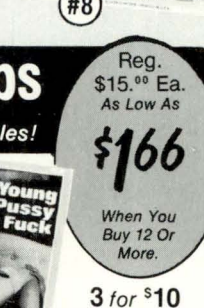
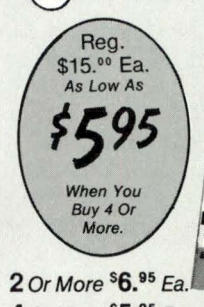
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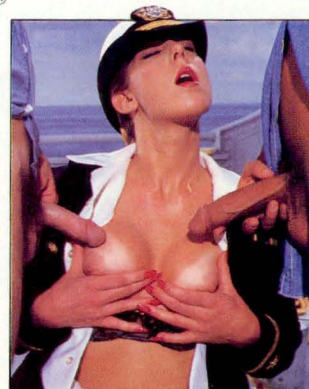
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June issue on sale April 18, 1985



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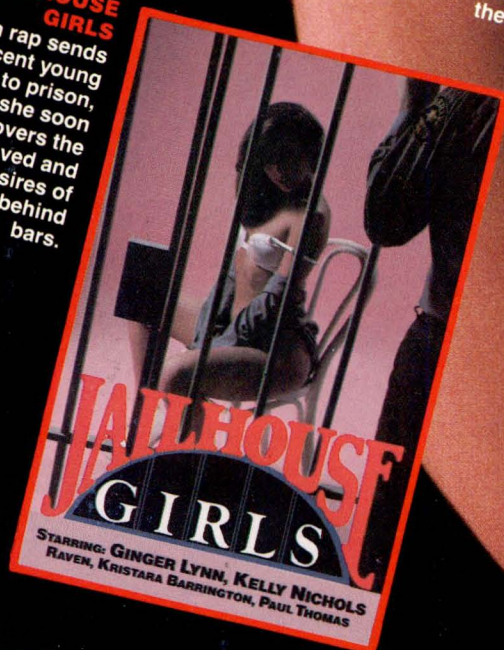
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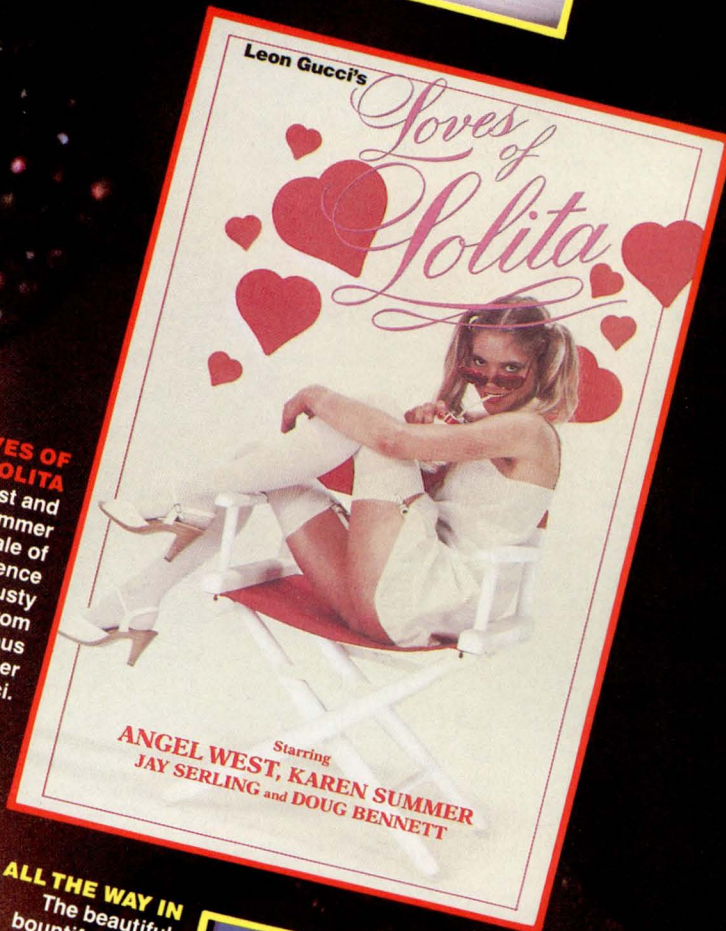
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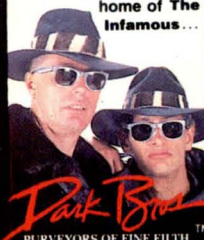
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